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Subscription to the Articles & Liturgy.
Mr. Ralph Ward Jackson.
The Purchase of the Exhibition Building.
The Death of John Lilley.
Colonel Waugh.
The Case of Poland.
Lord Cardigan's Chesnut Horse.
The Two Kirks.

The Fifth of June at Eton.
Three Stories of the Peerage.
Religious Toleration.
Inscriptions on Tombs.
The Disbanding Clause of the Volunteers' Bill.
The Prince and Princess at the City Ball.
State of the Money Market.

REVIEWS:—

The Water-Babies.
Up and Down in the World.
The Romance of Jehan de Saintré.
A Norseman's Views of Britain.
A Field full of Wonders.
Poems by Miss Bessie Parkes.

FINE ARTS:—

The British Institution.
Music.

SCIENCE:—

Mr. Ruskin on the Alps of Savoy.
The Rhododendron Show in Regent's Park.
List of New Publications for the Week.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ARTICLES AND LITURGY.

THE friends and foes of the Established Church will have little cause to complain that due attention has not been given this year in Parliament to questions which relate to her interests. Several most important debates have taken place on religious topics; but there have been none which have attracted more interest than that which took place on Tuesday evening, on Mr. Buxton's motion for the repeal of some of the provisions of the Act of Uniformity. The debate was indeed heralded by another on the 19th May, on almost the same subject, in the more grave and dignified atmosphere of the Lords, where, on Lord Ebury's motion, both peers and prelates discussed the necessity and expediency of repealing that portion of the Act which obliges the beneficed clergy to "unfeigned assent and consent to everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer." But the interest of the question, and the animation of the argument, culminated in the debate of Tuesday, of which not the least important part was the highly logical and historical speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The field of controversy was almost as extensive as the Church itself, and embraced the whole of her doctrine and discipline. The question was that of subscription or no subscription—perfect freedom of opinion for the clergy in matters of religion on the one hand, or restriction and limitation on the other. Mr. Buxton's proposal is, as he himself describes it, that subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles and the Prayer-book should be "relaxed." The word is capable of various shades of meaning; and may imply that some subscription should be retained. But it is, at the same time, evident that the idea suggested by it in this case is, that of a total relaxation. At least so the general line of his argument would lead us to infer, with his proposal that a declaration of conformity to the use of the Prayer-book should alone be retained. It is not necessary that we should here enter into an enumeration of all the declarations and subscriptions which a clergyman has to make during a long career of usefulness and promotion. They have been already humorously described by Lord Ebury in his speech in the House of Lords, when he stigmatized these declarations as "swearing with a vengeance." It is sufficient to mention that every clergyman, on ordination, has to subscribe his belief in the Thirty-nine Articles as "agreeable to Scripture," and in the Book of Common Prayer as "containing nothing contrary to Scripture;" and that, besides, he promises that he will "use that Book of Prayer and none other for public prayer and administration of the Sacraments." If afterwards he obtains a living and becomes an incumbent, he must then, in addition to the above, make a declaration of his "un-

feigned assent and consent to everything contained in the Prayer-book." Now it is upon this assent and consent that the great difficulty is felt, as requiring more than was demanded at ordination. The history of this declaration does not reflect much credit on the National Church. It brings us back to the times in which it was enacted, when so many of the Nonconforming Clergy, on Bartholomew's-day of 1662, were expelled from their benefices. It has always been a tender point in our Church discipline, and much bitterness has always gathered round it, while much offence to tender consciences has arisen in the Church itself. Mr. Buxton's proposal is to abolish this assent and consent, and retain only a general declaration of conformity to the use of the Prayer-book; but at the same time he proposes to abolish, or "relax," the subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. The alteration proposed by Lord Ebury in the Lords is not so comprehensive. It relates only to the Prayer-book; but there his proposal is identical with that of Mr. Buxton. He proposes only to do away with the declaration of assent and consent. The above explanation will be sufficient to give a conception of the state of the general question; which is after all twofold, one part relating to the Articles, the other to the Prayer-book.

Now, nothing can appear more evident, considering the nature of a Church, and the objects for which it is established, than that subscription cannot be totally abolished. The clergy of a nation cannot be left free to teach any doctrines and introduce any forms of worship that please them. We may easily conceive the state to which the Church of England would be brought if such freedom were allowed, by remembering the High Church practices to which public attention has so often been directed. Tied and bound as the Church of England is said to be, she can with difficulty prevent transubstantiation and the adoration of the Communion elements being transported bodily into her public services. What would these services become if subscription were dispensed with? This single instance is sufficient in itself to show the confusion, discord, and scandal that would arise throughout our parishes if subscription were removed. Well-meaning people may feel very anxious to relieve the tender consciences of the clergy. But there is another party whose interests have to be considered—namely, the laity. If the parochial system is to be retained, the laity must have some guarantee that there will be prayers and preaching which they can approve of in the churches they attend. Otherwise, a national worship of God will be a mockery. Uniformity of some kind and to some extent, is necessary. The terms should not be too stringent; they should comprehend essentials only. But unity in doctrine and worship must be maintained. It is easy in imagination to draw vivid and pleasing pictures of

all the advantages which would attend freedom from subscription; but there are strong reasons for believing that the reality would be disappointing. We have never seen such a state of things in this country, and therefore we are apt to desire it. The state of America, as regards religion, is not very encouraging, and nowhere, perhaps, is there more fanaticism and religious tyranny. As Mr. Milnes well said, in the House of Commons:—"Destroy the Articles as laws, and you will go far to establish an *unwritten* law of the Church of England, a law of public opinion. I believe the law of public opinion in religious matters to be far more intolerant and far narrower than the law of the Church of England." He instanced the controversy on the inspiration of Scripture, where it was made evident that the ecclesiastical courts of this country pronounced more liberal judgments than those of what is called the "religious world."

Subscription, then, to some extent, we cannot avoid considering as indispensable to the safety and usefulness of the Church of England. But there is another view which may be taken of it, which leads to the same conclusion. It has been argued that the case of a clergyman is analogous to that of a Professor in a college or university. It is said that no one would think of binding a Professor of Astronomy, or Geology, by subscriptions to a certain creed on these subjects; and that, therefore, a clergyman should not be so bound. But the analogy is incomplete, the argument unsound. There is a difference of vital importance in the two cases, which destroys the parallelism. Astronomy, geology, and other such kindred sciences, are essentially matters of speculation, and subjects of scientific inquiry; but religion relates to life and conduct, and the welfare and happiness of men. An Astronomer Royal has not the cure of souls committed to him, and their moral and spiritual welfare. The case of a clergyman is more like that of the captain of a vessel—the *Anglo-Saxon*, for instance—who has the lives and properties of his fellow-creatures in his charge, and therefore would not be allowed to steer his ship by theories and fancies of his own. No shipowner would send his vessel to sea without instructions—*written instructions*—and a distinct agreement made with the captain. It may not be always safe to apply analogies of this kind to religion, but surely this is a much safer one than that of a college Professor. Much dependence, then, cannot be placed on the argument for extending to the government of a Church, as to the matter of subscription, the rules and practices of colleges or universities.

Yet, while we thus advocate subscription as a principle, we are prepared to admit that there are points on which subscription may be relaxed, in the strict sense of that word. But the way to effect such extension of liberty can scarcely be that proposed by Mr. Buxton. The Bishop of Cashel, in the debate in the Lords, seems to have clearly seen where the true difficulty lay. He considered that Lord Ebury was attempting reform "at the wrong end," and that what was first required was, that the Articles and Liturgy should be revised by a fair body representing the Church in a true Convocation. It certainly seems the more reasonable course to postpone the removal of subscription to a removal of the difficulties objected to in both the Articles and the Liturgy. One would think the revision of these should first be attempted. That being done, we should be in a better position to judge how many persons would still remain offended by the doctrine and discipline of the Church, and how far and in what form subscription might be relaxed. This appears to be the natural course; but here the old objection of impossibility meets us. We are told that revision cannot in the present state of the Church be attempted. This, however, is a question to which we shall address ourselves on a future occasion.

In the mean time, there seems, to us, to be no valid objection to doing away with the declaration of assent and consent; the Bishop of London has pronounced in favour of this reform; and there seems to have been a very great unanimity in both Houses of Parliament regarding it. The declaration is, at least, unnecessary, though it is doubtful if it will bring the amount of relief to tender consciences which is expected. It may bring some relief. There is a difference of degree between giving "unfeigned assent and consent to everything in the Prayer-book" and merely declaring a belief that it "contains nothing contrary to Scripture." There is certainly more latitude allowed in the latter expression, and, as the Bishop of London showed that a man might become a bishop without making this declaration,

we cannot see why he might not likewise be allowed to become a rector or vicar.

Whatever, then, as regards reform, may be the result of the discussion of these subjects in Parliament, one thing they manifest is the growing interest taken in everything connected with the usefulness of the Established Church. But we must at the same time remember that people will not be content, in an age when everything is advancing, that their Church should stand still. Subscription cannot be dispensed with; but let the Church be made as comprehensive as possible. These Parliamentary discussions, and the numerous works emanating from the press, tell us in plain characters that a spirit of inquiry is abroad, surging and heaving even in the bosom of the Church itself; and that every reasonable demand must be granted, or will be enforced. Let the Episcopal guardians of the Christian flock be watchful, understand well the signs and requirements of the times, and let no little jealousies prevent them from keeping the Church committed to their care up to if not in advance of the intelligence and erudition of the day. The earnest, candid, and charitable manner in which they have taken part in these debates, inspires us with the best hopes, and assures us that beneficial changes will be introduced if, after mature and anxious deliberation, they appear really desirable.

MR. RALPH WARD JACKSON.

THE Select Committee of the House of Lords, to which the West Hartlepool Harbour and Railway Bill was referred, have presented a special report of an unusual and serious character. Contrary to the decision of the Committee of the House of Commons, the Select Committee, of which Lord Donoughmore was chairman, are of opinion that it is not expedient to proceed further with the Bill in question. But not satisfied with stating the conclusion at which they have arrived, they have thought it fit to descend into details; and it must be admitted, that whatever be the final result of the inquiry proposed, the public owe Lord Donoughmore and his colleagues a debt of gratitude for the bold impartiality which they have exhibited in this investigation. The reasons which they adduce for the course which they have adopted, are amply satisfactory. "The witnesses," they say, "examined before them have deposed to a series of transactions of so extraordinary and unprecedented a character, that the Committee consider it a duty to lay the facts of the case before the House, with the view that the House may, if they think proper, take steps for the prosecution and punishment of the guilty parties, and that some measure may be adopted by Parliament to prevent the recurrence of similar frauds and illegalities."

The West Hartlepool Harbour and Railway Company was formed in 1852 by the amalgamation of the Stockton and Hartlepool Railway Company with the West Hartlepool Harbour and Dock Company. Power was given to the amalgamated Company to lease or purchase the Clarence Railway, leading from the river Tees, near Middlesborough, into the South Durham coalfield. By the terms of the Act of amalgamation, the total share capital of the new Company was not to exceed £1,564,560, and the moneys to be borrowed by the Company were not at any time to exceed "one-third of the capital in stock or shares of the Company for the time being." But "no part of such sums shall be borrowed until the whole of the capital for the time being issued by the same Company shall have been subscribed for, or stock or shares allotted for the same, and one-half of the aggregate of such capital for the time being shall have been actually paid up." Such were the limits imposed by Parliament upon the creation of share capital, and upon the amount of money to be borrowed. It will be observed that the amalgamated Company consisted not only of a Railway and Dock Company but also of the Clarence Railway, which had been purchased. Now, at the date of amalgamation the two Companies owed certain debenture debts, amounting in the whole to £201,300. This sum, and £527,754, the amount of the shares of the Clarence Railway, were made first charges upon the whole undertaking, and the holders of these shares and debentures were declared entitled to dividend and interest respectively in preference to all other debenture holders of the Company. But although a preferential dividend fully secured was given by the Act to the holders of these Clarence shares, their right of voting at meetings of

shareholders was preserved. The importance of this peculiar position of the Clarence shareholders will presently be made apparent. In 1857 the Company obtained an Act authorizing them to raise further share capital to the amount of £450,000. In 1861 the Company was empowered to raise further share capital to the extent of £85,440. In short, under various Acts of Parliament the Company had power to raise a share capital not exceeding £2,100,000, and its powers of borrowing were fixed at £700,000, in the event of the whole share capital being subscribed and one-half paid up. Such being the powers conferred by Parliament, let us see how they were exercised. The share capital actually raised up to the 31st December, 1861, amounted to £1,011,671, exclusive of shares to the value of £43,833, which had been deposited with creditors as security for loans to the Company. Assuming that the Company had any right to borrow at all before the whole of the share capital had been subscribed and one-half of it paid up—in other words, assuming that the borrowing power ever arose, which seems doubtful to the Committee, it is clear that the Company had no power to raise more than £337,224, the third part of £1,011,671, the amount actually subscribed. Yet, on the 31st of December, 1861, the Company had issued debenture bonds and debenture stock to the amount of £2,721,722, exclusive of debenture bonds and debenture stocks deposited with creditors as security for loans to the value of £161,000. So that, even if the Company possessed any legal borrowing powers at all, it exceeded them to the amount of more than £2,380,000.

It may seem strange that the shareholders should acquiesce in these singular proceedings. But the peculiar constitution of the Company furnishes an obvious explanation. By the Act of 1852 the practical control of the Company was in the hands of the Clarence shareholders, and as they were secure in a preferential dividend, they had no object in securing honest management. By Act of Parliament, the right of voting at the meetings of the Company was enjoyed by the holders of ordinary and Clarence shares. But the Clarence shares amounted to £527,754, while the ordinary shares amounted to only £292,170. Thus the Clarence shareholders were able to protect the Directors in a most effectual manner. From first to last they placed unlimited confidence in the Board, and even so late as June, 1860, when the condition of the Company's affairs could no longer be concealed, some of the most important of the Clarence shareholders attended a special meeting of the Company, and warmly supported the Directors. It would certainly have been a grievous mistake if Parliament had conferred upon the Clarence shareholders such a preponderance of power over the ordinary shareholders, whose dividends depended entirely upon the good management of the capital of the Company. In truth, such a result was never contemplated. For, had the Directors obeyed the law, and raised money as they wanted it by the issue of ordinary shares, the Clarence shareholders would have formed but one-third of the whole number. On this part of the case the Select Committee observe:—

"Having regard to the ruin which has been brought upon innocent lenders and shareholders by the illegal proceedings of the Directors of this Company, the Committee would recommend the House to devise means which shall prevent in future the practical control of the affairs of a public company being placed in the hands of preference shareholders, who have no common interest with the others in the general prosperity of the concern, and have no motive to induce them to exercise proper vigilance and caution."

Having stated the fact, Lord Donoughmore and his colleagues proceed to discuss the question as to the persons who ought to be held responsible for what they do not hesitate to describe as "the various illegal and fraudulent acts detailed in the evidence before the Committee." This responsibility they cast upon the Chairman and Directors of the Company. Now the Chairman of the Company, from a date immediately after the passing of the Act of 1852, until February, 1862, was Mr. Ralph Ward Jackson. It is most important, however, to state that Mr. Jackson was not examined before the Committee, although he offered himself for that purpose; and that while he acknowledges that errors of judgment may have been committed, he strenuously and indignantly denies the grave charges brought against him, and courts the fullest inquiry and examination. On the other hand, it should be observed that the Select Committee have proceeded with the greatest deliberation, and have presented their report after receiving the written explanation, and

against the vehement remonstrances of Mr. Jackson. Having established, as we have seen, the fact of Mr. Jackson and his colleagues borrowing large sums of money in clear violation of the law, the Committee discuss the subject of the capital accounts, as prepared by Messrs. Quilter, Ball, & Co. According to their statement, while the total amount of money raised by the Company to the date of the 31st of December, 1861, was £3,733,393, the expenditure upon the Company's railways, branches, harbour, and docks reached only the sum of £2,570,000. A considerable part of the difference between these two sums—viz., £1,163,393—appears to have been illegally expended by the Directors upon objects foreign to these undertakings, and unauthorized by any of their Acts of Parliament. Thus they bought collieries in the South Durham district, incurring a loss of £311,096; they bought steam-vessels to trade with the north of Europe, incurring a loss of £118,000. The Committee further call attention to a "bold act of defiance against the just authority of Parliament," in subscribing £120,000 to the Cleveland Railway, when the Act only authorized a subscription of one-half that amount; and they remark upon the very questionable means to which the Directors resorted in order to raise money, such as mortgaging various portions of the Company's property to creditors, who in some cases received also debenture stocks or preference shares as collateral security. Indeed, in one case the Directors appear to have actually sold to another railway "one side of the dock at West Hartlepool with the warehouses erected on it." The last charge which they bring forward as having been brought against the Directors by the witnesses who appeared before them, is that of resorting to the "criminal expedient" of publishing false accounts. With respect to this, the Committee do not hesitate to say that "the auditors who examined and certified the accounts would appear to have aided and abetted them in the fraud." As an example of these falsifications the Committee direct attention to the last of them, that for the year ending December 31, 1860:—

"From this it appears that while the ordinary shares issued amounted in reality to only £287,878, the Directors state them to amount to £815,853; the money borrowed on debenture loans being £2,520,013, the Directors state it to be but £671,520. The Directors diminish the true amount of their expenditure upon works by nearly £130,000, and they admit debts to be due to them for £485,115, whilst the true amount is £778,190."

The Committee, before concluding their report, direct attention to the statements and documents furnished to them by Mr. Jackson, to contradict the evidence injuriously affecting his character and conduct, but make no comment on them. They conclude their report by suggesting the following points for the serious consideration of the House of Lords:—

"If the facts stated in evidence before the Committee are found to be substantially true, Mr. Ward Jackson and his co-directors have for a series of years wilfully contravened the provisions of the Acts of Parliament relating to the Hartlepool Company, by largely exceeding the limits of borrowing powers, and by the application of the Company's funds to purposes other than those of the undertaking, and they have concealed their illegal acts from the shareholders and creditors of the Company, and from the public, by the continued and systematic publication of false accounts."

"The Committee submit that a searching inquiry should be made into the facts of this case, and if it should appear that Mr. Jackson, his co-directors, and the persons who acted as auditors of the Company and certified to the false accounts, are guilty of the charges brought against them, that the authority of the House should be exercised to ensure their prosecution and punishment. The Committee are of opinion that it would be expedient to devise further legislative measures for restraining boards of Directors within the legal limits of their Acts of Parliament, and for the protection of the interests of innocent creditors and shareholders."

THE PURCHASE OF THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

SINCE the first hint of the intention of government to apply to Parliament for a vote to purchase for the nation the structure in which the last International Exhibition was held, we have been expecting rather eagerly to learn the details of the scheme, the estimated cost of carrying it into effect, and the purposes to which the buildings are to be applied. Unfortunately, there has been some delay in satisfying the public curiosity on these points. Lord Palmerston, who had undertaken to explain the views of Government, has already thrice postponed his statement, while the too scanty information of his colleagues does not

enable them to reply to the questions which are asked night after night in the House of Commons. Mr. Cowper could not even say, in answer to Lord Elcho, whether Mr. Hunt, who had made a minute survey of the buildings, and who is the surveyor to the Office of Works, had put on record his opinion as to their present condition, which was surely the first point to be ascertained. This apparent uncertainty or paucity of information, with the successive delays in stating what are the views of government, has given room for much hostility to the whole scheme. For our part, we forbear to condemn it entirely, until we get some more precise information as to what is intended to be done.

It appears to us, that in considering this question, it is an error to make everything depend upon the architectural merits or demerits of the design, apart from its fitness for the special purpose which it has served, and for the purposes which it may serve hereafter. In extenuation of the faults of the design—ugly as it is—Captain Fowke may urge, what his critics forget, that he was bound to observe the most rigid economy, both in cost of material and of labour, and in space. He could not, therefore, break up the parts of his building, or advance or set back its various parts, to obtain that play of light and shade which is the means of producing a fine architectural effect. Had he done so, he would have sacrificed a large portion of the interior space, which was absolutely required for the purpose that the structure was to serve; and he would have materially augmented the quantity of bricks and mortar consumed, and increased the cost of labour. The difficulty of dealing with a façade under these circumstances, where there is no depth to be obtained, or breaks in the plan, was the same which Sir Charles Barry had to encounter in the river-front of the Palace at Westminster, but which he surmounted, in some degree, by breaking the sky-line, to avoid monotony. For this purpose he had recourse to an additional storey over the centre compartment, towers with high roofs, pinnacles, turrets, and the lofty clock and Victoria towers. To none of these expedients could Captain Fowke resort in designing the South Kensington building, because their adoption would have entailed increased expenditure; and if they were found necessary in a façade of 870 feet in length, the distance from the Victoria tower to the clock tower, it will be easily understood how much more urgently they would be required in a front 1,150 feet in length, such as that which faces the Cromwell-road. In these remarks there is, of course, no comparison, in an architectural sense, between the Palace at Westminster and the building at South Kensington, which is merely the work of an engineer, designed with a view to the strictest economy, and simply to afford shelter to the objects it contained. Conceding that Captain Fowke's design is as ugly as it is said to be, we may ask his hostile critics to prove that a more artistic edifice could have been erected at the same cost, to afford the same accommodation, and under the same pressure of time. For an example, let us take the Paris Palais de l'Industrie, in which the International Exhibition of 1855 was held. Except that the external walls are of stone, it is very little if at all superior in design to the South Kensington building, which labours under the disadvantage of being constructed of common bricks—a consideration with those who make materials and not design a ground for preference. The French Government paid the Company for that structure, independently of the annexes in the Cour de la Reine, and of the picture galleries—which were temporary constructions apart, and irrespective of the site, which belonged to the municipality—the sum of £416,000, which was less by twenty per cent. than the capital of the Company spent upon its construction. At South Kensington it is proposed to buy the present building, which covers 16½ acres of ground, for £80,000, and to spend £154,000 for repairs, to make the building thoroughly and permanently substantial; £40,000 to convert the glass domes into solid domes; £30,000 for warming and ventilating apparatus; £15,000 for fireproof floors to the picture galleries; and £45,000 for completing architecturally the exterior parts of the building; altogether £284,000, according to the detailed statement of the surveyor, Mr. Hunt; thus securing to the nation for £364,000 an Exhibition building better suited to the purpose and much larger than that of our neighbours, for a much smaller sum. The cost of site is in both instances left out of the account. The Royal Commissioners of the 1851 Exhibition, who are the proprietors of the site, for they purchased it out of the famous surplus, require to be paid £120,000. They estimate the

value of the ground at £500 a year per acre, or £8,250 for the whole plot, which, capitalized, represents, at thirty years' purchase, an amount equal to £247,500; but the Commissioners will content themselves with £120,000, on condition of the property being permanently used "for purposes connected with science and art." The entire cost will, consequently, be £484,000, a sum so large as to excite the apprehensions that have been manifested.

The proposition, however, which Lord Palmerston is to submit to the House, should be discussed, we venture to suggest, not solely on the value of the present building; but in relation to the opportunity that is now offered to satisfy certain metropolitan requirements, and to secure the permanent establishment of international exhibitions.

In Paris, as we have seen, the Palais de l'Industrie has been retained, and has been found of use. In it are held the annual agricultural exhibitions, grand musical fêtes, and the biennial exhibitions of modern art. And never before were paintings and statues so well seen, or had they so much justice done to them. No one who has beheld, at an Art Exhibition in Paris, the monumental groups of sculpture well detached, the statues arranged at proper distances apart, with amply defined lines of separation, and the busts not jostling one another on shelves as here, but kept distinct, can fail to be struck with the superiority of the French arrangements. It is the same also with the French exhibitions of pictures. None are placed below the level of the eye, nor any too high to be difficult of inspection; while here it is notorious that our artists have never had justice done them at an exhibition of the Royal Academy. If the building at South Kensington be retained, there can be no reason why the future Exhibitions of the Royal Academy should not take place there.

If International Exhibitions are to be held periodically, and come to London every ten or twelve years, it is worth while to take this opportunity of securing a future home for them. From the experience of the past, no one will venture to say that it will be practicable to obtain subscriptions to a building fund, as in 1851, or a guarantee fund, as for the Exhibition of last year. People will remember how narrowly they have escaped being called upon to pay on this occasion. Contractors may not be so enterprising as Messrs. Kelk & Lucas, and we shall miss that genial influence which contributed so much to the successful launching of the last scheme. If the site, moreover, of the late Exhibition be not secured, but appropriated to building purposes, where shall we find space for the next one?

Taking all these things into consideration, we are inclined to suspend our opinion till we are in full possession of the proposed plan. But it seems to us time that the public mind should be made up on the question of holding any more Great International Exhibitions. It may be calculated, as one incidental advantage of the scheme now under discussion, that each future Exhibition will yield a surplus, since there will be nothing to pay for building, and the purposes to which the structure will be applied during the intervals may afford an income sufficient to defray the cost of repairs, and to pay interest on the purchase-money. Judging from the experience of 1851 and 1862, the surplus from each Exhibition may be estimated at about £300,000. What yearly income may be looked for, we have no means of computing. It is to be hoped at any rate that Government will not ask the House of Commons for money to ornament the building. No amount of applied decoration can redeem the ugliness of the design, and endow it with the quality of beauty. As for the notable scheme of filling in the relieving arches with mosaics, we trust that we shall hear no more about it. It has not yet been ascertained that party-coloured surfaces are suitable for external architectural ornament in this climate. The frescoes at Munich have not been so successful, nor the enamel pictures on the front of M. Hittorff's church in Paris so pleasing in appearance, as to induce us to follow the example. Let us content ourselves with what we have, so long as it is substantial and weather-tight and fulfils the purposes required. We may put up with an Exhibition "shed" until we can afford to build an Exhibition palace, if we mean to have any more Great Exhibitions, and if the building can, in the mean time, be made useful to any degree worth its cost. Until, however, we are satisfied upon this latter point, and until we know exactly what the Government propose to do with it, our opinion is reserved. It is expected that Lord Palmerston

will have great difficulty in persuading the House of Commons to adopt this proposal. There is an atmosphere of intrigue about all these establishments at South Kensington, and we are sorry to hear that zealous promoters of this transaction are now talking, in private, of the wishes of certain august persons whose names ought not to be mixed up with the discussion.

THE DEATH OF JOHN LILLEY.

THE conversation which took place in the House of Commons on Friday last is so far satisfactory that it has established beyond cavil all the facts connected with the deplorable death of the Regimental Sergeant-Major of the 6th Dragoons. It is now fully admitted by the authorities at the Horse Guards that Lilley was an excellent soldier and a very worthy man; and that he was perfectly innocent of the charges trumped up against him by his Colonel for the transparent purpose of discrediting the evidence which it was known that he and his comrades must give, if they spoke the truth, before the court-martial then sitting on Captain Smales. The Horse Guards admit that Lilley's imprisonment was illegal; that it was cruel to a degree unparalleled in the annals of military tyranny; that, in fact, it killed the man. They further admit, that Colonel Crawley is insolent and foul-mouthed; that, in a very few months, he has reduced one of the happiest and best disciplined regiments in the service into a quarrelsome and discreditable mob; that he is not gifted with either tact or firmness; and that he has been in the habit of unnecessarily outraging the feelings of the gentlemen under his command.

All this, and more, the Commander-in-Chief admits in his memorandum of the 18th December, 1862, but, having admitted all this, his Royal Highness comes to the extraordinary conclusion that it will be nevertheless advisable to retain Colonel Crawley in his present position, because the general officers who immediately command him have given him a very high character! Was there ever a more feeble conclusion drawn from more forcible premises?

If an officer can act as Colonel Crawley has been proved to have acted, and can still bear a very high military character, and be fit to hold very high military command, may not the public reasonably inquire what the ingredients are which go to constitute a very high military character? We pause for a reply, which, however, we do not expect to obtain,—it is so much easier in a case like the present to ride off on generalities than to condescend into particulars. And who are the general officers who are thus attempting to screen the culprit in this case? Let us examine whether they have no personal interest in protesting that Colonel Crawley is an excellent soldier, quite fit for command, albeit unable to manage his corps, and habitually unjust and abusive, and cruel to those over whom he is set in authority.

Colonel Crawley's immediate superiors at the time of the Court-martial were General Farrell, who commanded at Mhow; Sir William Mansfield, who was Commander-in-Chief at Bombay; and Sir Hugh Rose, who was Commander-in-Chief in India. These are the three general officers who have pronounced Colonel Crawley to be an excellent soldier; but they go even further, and maintain that he was justified in imprisoning men unto death on no evidence at all; and in trumping up against them charges of conspiracy which he vainly attempted to establish by illegal means. And the Horse Guards hold that Colonel Crawley, having thus met with the approval of his superiors, is no longer himself liable to punishment for the cruelty which he has committed, and for the life which he has taken away; the responsibility, according to them, such as it is, now resting between the three general officers whom we have named. Surely, if this be so, this ought not to be so, and the sooner the Articles of War are altered, the better.

General Farrell, an aged and broken-down man, who had served forty-seven years in India, played in the Mhow tragedy the part of a pliable and passive tool in the violent and vindictive hands of Colonel Crawley. He has since retired from the service. Sir William Mansfield, 400 miles away, knew nothing of the circumstances save what he learnt from Farrell and Crawley; he knew nothing of the illegal means whereby the evidence of the alleged conspiracy had been extorted from Sergeant-Majors Lilley, Wakefield, and Duval; he knew nothing of the protracted and cruel torture by which Lilley had been put to death. Even that unhappy man's death he first learnt from the

public papers, General Farrell and Colonel Crawley not considering the circumstance of sufficient importance to be officially communicated to him. He was entirely misled by these officers, and it appears utterly absurd to argue that his approval, thus obtained under false pretences, ought to be received as a condonation of the original offender.

Supposing that Sir William had received intelligence from General Farrell that a mutiny had broken out at Mhow, and that in its suppression Colonel Crawley had been driven to the sad necessity of putting Lilley to death with his own hand. And supposing that it turned out on inquiry that there never had been any mutiny at all, or the shadow of a pretence for asserting that a mutiny had been contemplated; and that it could be shown that Colonel Crawley had slain Lilley in order to get rid of his evidence before a court-martial—where it was known that the Sergeant-Major's evidence would be very damaging to Colonel Crawley—is it pretended that Sir William Mansfield's approval of the sanguinary act—obtained in the first instance by false representations—ought, when the fraud had been exposed, to protect Crawley from the punishment due to his crime?

But even supposing that this were so, we would ask whether there is not abundant evidence on record, and at hand, to prove that Colonel Crawley is utterly unfit to command any regiment in her Majesty's service. Having got rid of the evidence of the three Sergeant-Majors by bringing a false charge against them, Colonel Crawley had next to deal with the evidence given by the Adjutant of his regiment, Lieutenant Fitzsimon. Fitzsimon had sworn that Crawley had not been present at a certain parade at which it was all important for Crawley to prove his presence. Crawley met this difficulty not by cross-examining his Adjutant as to the state of his eyesight, or by adducing medical evidence that it was defective, but by declaring, *in his reply*, that everybody knew Fitzsimon to be so shortsighted that he could not be sure of the identity of any one at three or four yards' distance.

To suppose that an officer like Colonel Shute would have selected a half-blind man as his adjutant, or that Colonel Crawley would have retained such a man in that post, is sufficiently absurd—not to mention that Fitzsimon actually held at the time a certificate of being a first-class rifle-shot at 600 yards, from the Musketry Instructor at Mhow. But the truth or falsehood of such an assertion was easily ascertainable on the spot: the President of the Court might have decided it himself to the satisfaction of everybody in five minutes. Nevertheless, Colonel Crawley's word was readily accepted as to the fact, and Fitzsimon's evidence was at once set aside. His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief has only to send for Lieutenant Fitzsimon, who is now in England, in order to satisfy himself of the unworthiness of the means by which Colonel Crawley obtained his verdict against Captain Smales.

Again. Amongst the witnesses before the Court-martial who testified to Colonel Crawley's presence at the parade was a Sergeant Ferris. In his reply, Colonel Crawley described Ferris as one of the oldest and best soldiers in the regiment, without, he believed, a single entry on his defaulter's sheet against him. If the Commander-in-Chief will ask for that sheet he will see that this statement in the witness's favour was utterly false; that Ferris had been twice tried by regimental Court-martials for habitual drunkenness and for ill-using his horse, and once by district Court-martial for insubordinate language; and that he had been severely reprimanded and punished on many occasions for drunkenness, neglect of duty, and for ill-treating his wife.

Again. If the Commander-in-Chief will inquire into the details of the means whereby General Farrell and Colonel Crawley intimidated Lieutenant Fitzsimon into withdrawing the official letter which he had sent in exculpating himself from the blame cast upon him in Sir Hugh Rose's General Order—if his Royal Highness will read that letter—of which he can obtain a copy from Lieutenant Fitzsimon—he will see that it was a most respectful and proper document, and that Farrell and Crawley could have had no other motive in urging its withdrawal, than their fear of the consequences which its transmission would bring upon themselves.

And again. If the Commander-in-Chief will take the trouble to examine the medical man who attended upon John Lilley and his wife until they died, and who is now in England, his Royal Highness will learn the exact manner in which Colonel Crawley continued to treat that unfortunate couple, for many days after it had been brought

publicly to his notice, that a sentry had been placed by his orders close to their sick bed, with directions not to lose sight of the man, night or day. Is it possible that a commanding officer who could act thus towards a dying woman who had recently been bereaved of both her children, can be pronounced to be fit for any command under a civilized and Christian Government?

It now remains for us to say a few words as to the part which Sir Hugh Rose has played in this business. His Excellency, in his General Order, cast the gravest reflections on Colonel Shute, the officer who had preceded Colonel Crawley in command of the 6th Dragoons. According to Sir Hugh he had left that regiment in a disgraceful condition, both as to officers, horses, and discipline; and Colonel Crawley had met with most vexatious opposition from its officers whilst judiciously endeavouring to restore it to efficiency. Unluckily, however, official documents are on record at the Horse Guards which show that on many previous occasions Sir Hugh Rose had complimented Colonel Crawley's predecessor on the admirable condition of the regiment under his command; and but a few weeks before Colonel Crawley joined it, Sir Hugh Rose had written officially to Colonel Shute, deploring that such an excellent officer should be about to leave India, and offering, if he would remain, to move the Horse Guards at home to create for him the post of Inspector-General of Cavalry in India! But shortly after Sir Hugh Rose had borne this strong testimony of his appreciation of Colonel Shute's merits, a coolness arose between these two officers. That coolness was based on what is called in India "a social question." The details of it are well known at the Horse Guards. They have been freely discussed in the public papers in India, and yet they are of such a nature that nothing but the gravity of the present case would induce us even to allude to them in our columns. It would seem that the present Commander-in-Chief in India is a veteran of a warm temperament, *le fanfaron des vices qu'il n'a plus*. He is fond of surrendering in public his lion's skin and club to the Omphale of the minute whom it delights him to honour. Colonel Shute is a married man and a high-minded gentleman. The Omphale in this case was a lady who for very sufficient reasons was *mal vue* by the respectable section of Indian society. The rest of the story need not be told. Every sneer at the alleged demoralization of the 6th Dragoons under Colonel Shute, which Sir Hugh Rose's General Order contains, was, in his Excellency's eyes, a blow struck on behalf of the favourite who had been considered unfit company for virtuous ladies. All this is well known to the Commander-in-Chief at home—all this has given his Royal Highness cause for much anxiety and perplexity—all this has led to the result that in his Memorandum of the 18th of December his Royal Highness has declared that he does not believe one word which Sir Hugh Rose has so loudly proclaimed of the inefficiency of Colonel Shute, and of the efficiency of Colonel Crawley.

COLONEL WAUGH.

SOME wiseacre has said that England is the worst country in the world for a man to fail in. We deny it. Our beloved country, on the contrary, is the very paradise of bankrupts. As the maternal heart is moved with an extra gush of tenderness for that member of the flock which is afflicted with a weak chest, or with rickets, or lateral curvature, so our great mother, Britannia, nestles her bankrupt offspring in the softest and warmest place in her bosom. If any one doubts it, he shall see with what a plain fact we will put him down. Stand up, Colonel William Petrie Waugh; get into the witness-box, and show your honest face to an incredulous world. Here is a man who has not only been a bankrupt himself, but the cause of bankruptcy in others. He has dipped his hands deep in the pockets of Indian officers, their widows, and their orphans. He has made his name a household word in hundreds of families who recall it with a terror as great as if it reminded them of a surgical operation. He has been to many of them the cause of cursing and swearing, of tears and heartburning, of sleepless nights and short commons, of unpaid bills and over-due rent, of curtailed gentility and penniless old age. And all this he did with his eyes open, with a perfect knowledge of the mischief he was doing, and an utter indifference as to who suffered, so long as his wants were supplied. In a few months he swept the paid up capital of a great

Corporation into his own pocket. And when the game was up, and the building he had undermined was about to tumble down on the heads of his dupes, he quietly removed himself to the Continent, for the benefit of his health which was so dear to him; and for six years defied the Courts of Chancery and Bankruptcy, his creditors, their lawyers and their myrmidons. Yet now, when it again suits the condition of his health to revisit England, what is done to him? Nothing. Britannia takes the returned prodigal into her lap, nourishes him with the mild provisions of the new Bankrupt Act, and fondly assures him that, though he has been naughty, he is dear to her maternal breast and shall enjoy every comfort Commissioner Goulburn can provide him.

The story of this gentleman's doings is worth recalling. Some years ago there existed a joint-stock bank, whose seat of management was in London, but whose scene of operations was in India. The Company was respectable, but not profitable; and as those were the days of British Banks and marvellous dividends, it struck some of the members that it would be well to cultivate the rich field of English confidence, and add to the Oriental connection an extended London business. The idea found favour, and towards the latter end of 1854 the scheme of the London and Eastern Banking corporation was submitted to the public. Applications for shares came fast and thick. Officers, civil and military, of high standing under the East India Company, became contributories; the deed of settlement was executed; and in January, 1855, the Company obtained its charter of incorporation. Of course it was essential that a first-rate concern should have a first-rate Manager. This desideratum was found in Mr. J. E. Stephens, a gentleman possessed of experience and influence in India; known to Lord Gough, and other Indian officers of rank, and well acquainted with the Indian Exchanges. The wisdom of this choice of a manager soon became apparent. He introduced customer after customer. First came the Letts' Wharf Timber and Sawing Mills Company; then the firm of Minter and Co., upholsterers and invalid-chairmakers of Soho; then Barwise and Co., watchmakers of Piccadilly. True, these firms exhibited the drawback that Mr. Stephens was a partner in all of them, and that their custom consisted in exchanging their paper for the solid cash of the Bank. But Mr. Stephens had another partner. He had engaged with Colonel Waugh in forming the Branksea Clay Company, which was to turn Branksea Island, Dorset—the property of Colonel Waugh—into an English El Dorado. And for a time the experiment was successful; for on the 22nd of March Colonel Waugh lodged his acceptance with the Bank for £2,630, on the strength of which he drew out in six days £2,779, and by May he had increased his debt to £17,000, and by July to £50,000. In that month, by virtue of his "large stake" in the concern, he became qualified for a seat at the Board, and on the 16th was elected a Director. This, of course, gave him and Mr. Stephens full play for their abilities. As the Colonel's bills became due they were met by new ones; and from the interest on these and similar transactions, paid out of the money borrowed from the Bank, the Directors had soon the gratifying duty of declaring a very handsome dividend, and the shareholders had the happiness of believing that they had invested their money in a magnificent speculation.

But while the Bank was thus scudding along with a wet sail and a flowing sea, suddenly was heard the cry, "Breakers ahead!" In September, 1856, the Royal British Bank came to grief. In spite of all the ingenuity, lying, and daring of its Manager and Directors, that sublime mixture of piety and rascality broke up with a crash which was felt in hundreds of families, and gave a shock to public confidence in all joint-stock speculations. Banks which were safe invited investigation into their accounts and position. The London and Eastern was not safe. But its Directors met, and passed a resolution that for the future no sum should be advanced to any Director without such security as would be required from an ordinary customer; and that no further advance should be made to a Director already indebted to the extent of £5,000, without the sanction of the weekly Board. But there was a charm in Colonel Waugh's account which no resolutions could control. On the 25th of November two of his bills for £4,000 each were discounted by the Bank; and on the 30th of December two other bills for £10,000 each

were discounted without the sanction of the weekly Board. Everyone knows that if you stop a heavy body which is moving with great velocity, the consequences will be serious. The Colonel's debt answered this description; and Mr. Stephens declared, before the Edinburgh Bankruptcy Court, that it was impossible to stop it suddenly. And thus when, in January, 1857, the books were made up to the end of the previous year, it was found that Colonel Waugh was indebted to the Bank in £196,310; and this enormous sum was increased by further discounts, between January and the 11th of April, to £244,000, or within £6,000 of the entire subscribed capital of the Company.

And now came the smash. But Colonel Waugh was gone before it came. He had feathered his nest. He had transferred his Branksea El Dorado to the copper mines of Valverde, in Spain; and there for a while he remained lost to the world. But he had plenty of money at command—the spoil of the London and Eastern Banking Corporation, which he had plundered of a quarter of a million sterling. He invested between ten and fifteen thousand pounds in Spanish mines, transferring his shares to a member of his family, and negotiating with his agents in England for a loan to the tune of several thousands. His patient creditors in England repeatedly consented to the enlargement of his time for surrender under the adjudication of bankruptcy, upon the plea that he was “sick, and ill, and like to die.” But the Colonel was in rude health. He ate and drank with an appetite equal to the voracity with which he had devoured the substance of the London and Eastern Bank. He visited England and Paris to consult his London attorney; and on one occasion he rode 160 miles over the rugged mountains from Seville to Valverde and back, a journey of two days' and nights' duration, and “requiring,” says one of his victims, “the stoutest heart to accomplish.” All this while he was sending “sick certificates” to England. But the Spanish mines did not prove so profitable a speculation as the London Bank. Ill-got, ill-gone. The money out of which the Colonel had swindled the shareholders of the London and Eastern Banking Corporation seems to have dwindled away till he and his family were obliged to adopt the humble life of cottagers. And now, when all is gone, Colonel Waugh comes back to England to have an operation performed on his eye, no doubt by that celebrated oculist, Mrs. Elizabeth Martin. He returned to an ungrateful country in August last. In due time he was arrested and confined in Whitecross-street. And very recently he petitioned the Court of Bankruptcy, praying to be allowed to surrender under the adjudication of the 13th April, 1857.

Now Commissioner Goulburn—having before him the fact that the petition and the affidavit which supports it are in all their exculpatory statements a tissue of falsehoods; admitting ironically that the allegations of threatened blindness, and the want of means to make an earlier surrender, are “a great relief to the conscience of the party making affidavit of their truth;” equally convinced that the Colonel's declared ignorance of the adjudication when he left England, and pretended bodily and mental infirmity, are as palpable fibs as were ever solemnly sworn to—consents, if Colonel Waugh will produce a certain £500 which the creditors modestly say he took away with him on his retirement from England, to permit him to surrender. In other words, the Colonel's brief but masterly exploits in the art of swindling will be condoned; and after half-a-dozen attendances at the Court to give the assignees, *viva voce*, whatever information he possesses which will help them to wind up the work of ruin to which he so handsomely contributed, he will be restored to the full freedom of a British subject. Here we have an admirable instance of the morality of the new Bankrupt Law. But the question now arises, why should men be honest? What good do they gain by it? While he was plundering the Eastern Bank, Colonel Waugh lived in Grosvenor-street, in magnificent style. His wife's dressmaker's bill, proved before the Court of Bankruptcy, disclosed a perfect marvel of sumptuous millinery. For several years, while she and her husband resided in Spain, they had all the pleasures of life at their command. And even now, as the Colonel served many years in the army with distinction, there can be no doubt that, though his banking career is at an end, he will find far more comforts, and even luxuries, in England than tens of thousands of honest men who are as well born and bred as he. Why then should men be honest? In this

happy England—blessed with a new Bankrupt Law—the preferable and more pleasurable path of life is that of the swindler. A few months back we were all crying out against the garotters. We armed ourselves with bludgeons and life-preservers. Muscular Britons called Heaven to witness, that if they got a fair opening at any of the fraternity they would not leave them a whole bone in their bodies. Feebler Britons cried out, “Flog them, shoot them, hang them!” But here is a man who has done more in the way of robbery and heart-breaking, if not bone-breaking, than a whole gang of Colonel Jebb's pets; yet, if he will only give back £500 out of the quarter of a million he has plundered, a law, milder than the Portland dietary, will restore him to all the privileges of an honest citizen, except the character, for which he doesn't care. Well, if it must be so, be it so. But, after this, let no one wonder at the spread of commercial immorality; at the re-appearance in the share market of the old stags; at the picking and stealing, the lying and adulterating, the dissembling and swindling, that are eating into the heart of English society. The old landmarks of morality disappear. Year after year the habit grows amongst men of doing not what they should, but what they can. And the law encourages them. They must not shoot a hare, or steal a turnip; that is low. But if they can thief on a grand scale, and rob the public of as much money as would build a county gaol, they have only to confess their delinquency and they are free.

THE CASE OF POLAND.

THE constant interchange of diplomatic notes between the Western Powers and Russia upon the subject of Poland, implies a certain consciousness on the part of England and Austria, that the history of the partition at all events imposes a certain obligation upon them, and that they cannot, in justice to Poland, remain indifferent while the destinies of that unhappy country are being settled at the point of the bayonet. They are perfectly aware that the Poles cannot, without the aid of Europe, and in the face of the indifference of European Governments, force Russia to acknowledge their right to national independence. They cannot forget that, when Europe in 1815 sacrificed that independence to what was then considered a political necessity, she did not do so without declaring that she was still resolved to preserve the existence of the Polish nation throughout the whole extent of its territory, “as it existed prior to 1772,” the date of the first partition. The parties to the treaties of 1815 seem indeed to have thought it possible, without restoring to Poland her independence, to preserve her nationality by virtue of some very minute stipulations, all of which have since been violated, in a manner which has called forth the protests of several Powers, and which Lord Palmerston has described in turn as “systematic,” “scandalous,” and “barbarous.” It is, therefore, the duty of Europe, and it is certainly in her power, after fifty years' trial, to proclaim that Russia has proved to demonstration that she has not the will to fulfil those obligations to which she has solemnly pledged her faith;—that Europe, in her turn, neither can nor will any longer maintain for Russia the assent which was conditionally given to her dominion over Poland; and that, Russia having brought into play no arguments but those of might against right, Europe will now rejoice if the right should succeed in establishing itself.

But what right? Can it be simply the right as stipulated for the Polish nation in 1815? Who could think of reinstating that? Europe would attempt to restore that arrangement in vain. Russia denies it, and Poland has never acknowledged it but as an evidence of her dismemberment, as a continuation of the crime; in one word, as “an accident,” over which time and her own perseverance were sure to triumph.

The right which the Poles would, by their present efforts, now secure to themselves, and to which Europe, after pronouncing the right of Russia forfeited and extinct, is called upon to give her sanction, can only be the right to independence, which was sacrificed, in 1815, to certain considerations of real or supposed general interest, in the face of which the previous long-established right of Poland was made to give way, while at the same time the *newly established rights* of “the Poles, respectively subjects of Austria, Prussia, and Russia,” were then (Art. 1—14 of the General Treaty of Vienna) conferred upon them by means of certain stipulations essentially exceptional in international law. These are minutely enumerated in the fourteen first articles of the Treaty of Vienna, and in three separate treaties, annexed “word for word” (Art. 118) to the General Treaty. These new rights were offered to the

Poles, and to the conscience of humanity, as a compensation due for the loss of the previous rights of Poland, the entire restitution of which had been considered impracticable. Those original rights, which the violation of the rights of 1815 has necessarily revived, are and can be only the *national* independence of Poland, as it existed for twelve centuries before the partition, and also the extent of territory within whose limits that independence was exercised "before 1772," according to the expression used in the Treaties of Vienna. By these treaties the same limits of territory were assigned to the new-established right, as those of the territory over which the previous and original right had been in force.

Once agreed on this point, the Powers of Europe, as parties to that Treaty, have it in their power to re-establish the Poles in their original rights, and to give them, by a speedy recognition, the most effectual support. They have but to proclaim and notify to the Emperor of Russia that they severally withdraw the sanction which they gave, in 1815, to his assuming the title of King of Poland, and to his dominion over the Polish provinces remaining annexed to the Russian empire. Each of the Powers individually may address this notification to Russia. No preliminary negotiations are necessary between those Powers, and no attempt of that kind is desirable, since the eternal distrust prevailing between them makes the adoption of any measures concerted beforehand very difficult. The example given by one of them is the safest and speediest way of obtaining the concurrence of the others. Were England, in the first place, to adopt this course, France would be sure immediately to follow her example. If England hesitates, and if France takes the lead, public opinion in England, already strongly excited, will certainly not be content with watching lest the British Government should do or say aught against it. The same public opinion may be with confidence expected to confirm the solemn declaration of France, and not to allow the Government to remain any longer the accomplice of the barbarous dominion of Russia in Poland when another Power shall have proclaimed its forfeiture. But even though England should withhold or adjourn her decision, France alone openly taking this course, Austria would find herself free to adopt the policy best suited to her own interest. Austria—it cannot be too often repeated, so little is her real disposition and character understood—Austria is, more than any other Power, interested in the restoration of an independent Poland. On that condition she is even ready to give up Galicia. Half of this province, before joining Poland, and up to the thirteenth century, was called *Red Russia*. It preserved that name even as a province of Poland. It consequently remains, in the eyes of the St. Petersburg Government, one of "all the Russias." It is true that Catherine II., in order to obtain from the King of Poland, in 1764, the recognition of that essentially usurped title of "Empress of all the Russias," pledged herself solemnly, and pledged her successors likewise, never to put forward this title as a claim to the Russian or Ruthenian provinces, which, for the space of five centuries, had formed the eastern and southern portions of Poland. But things are greatly changed. The former Grand Duchy of Moscow, after taking the name of *Great Russia*, by degrees annexed to itself *Little Russia* (Kieff), *White Russia* (Witebsk), *Black Russia* (Ukraine), and one-half of *Red Russia* (Podolia and Volhynia); and Russia now pretends that in so doing she had only re-united these provinces to the common family of "the Russias," and restored them to their ancient communion with the Russian Church. Such precedents, followed by the incessant intrigues of the Government of St. Petersburg, have never allowed Austria the shadow of a hope of retaining possession of Galicia. Its restitution, along with the reconstitution of an independent Poland, would therefore be a clear profit to her. This is not all. It is by Poland alone that Austria can be saved from Panslavism; for the Government of the Czar, after having absorbed everything which it calls Russian, sets up pretensions to convert into one empire all the nations whose origin is Slavonic. Galicia, once incorporated to the Russian Empire, becomes the key to the Slavonic possessions of Austria, from Prague to Semlin, Trieste, and Ragusa. On the other hand, were Galicia again made a portion of restored Poland, by the hands of Austria, as the instrument of such a restoration, this would give back to Austria the bulwark which she has been in need of, since the suppression of Poland. It would besides secure to Austria a lasting and fruitful alliance with reconstituted and independent Poland. This alliance will indeed be profitable to all; to Europe as well as to Austria, to Turkey as well as to Europe. It will be profitable to Europe, by re-establishing the independence of Austria itself, which is reduced, since Poland has lost its own, to a secondary and passive position. Exposed as Austria is, to unceasing

danger both from France and from Russia, she is deprived of all freedom of action. When these two Powers are at war, there is no other course left to her but to side with either party, which appears most likely to triumph; and whenever they come to an understanding with each other, she is threatened with seeing them agree to dismember her, both on her eastern and western frontier. The alliance of Poland with Austria will be no less profitable to Turkey. It will naturally tend to improve the condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte, by substituting the disinterested influence of Europe, seeking to promote their progressive development under the reign of the Sultan, for the revolutionary agitation brought about by the desire of subverting the Ottoman dominion, and of supplanting it by the Russian sway. Who then can persist in doubting that Austria will consent to cooperate in the restoration of Poland, or suppose that she will require compensation for giving up Galicia? Austria, if she possess any knowledge of her own interest, can wish for no other compensation than to see Galicia again forming part of Poland restored and independent. It is this restoration which is of paramount interest to her, and not the doubtful preservation of an ill-gotten province. In 1831, the Minister of the Interior, Count Kollowrath, said, at Vienna, to the Envoy of the Polish National Government, "The Emperor Francis desires me to tell you, that he feels he is near his grave, and that before appearing in presence of the great Judge, he would be happy to ease his conscience, by giving up Galicia. He is, accordingly, ready to abandon it, provided it may return to Poland, but not fall into the hands of Russia." At the same time, Prince Metternich said to the same Delegate, "We are ready to co-operate in the restoration of Poland to independence, but obliged to wait until England and France have determined on its restoration as we have." Ten years later, in 1841, the same Prince Metternich, after inquiring into the internal condition of Poland, added, "Keep on; at the first European Congress your question must again be brought up, and then Poland will be restored as the necessary bulwark between ourselves and Russia."

We trust upon a future occasion more fully to discuss the motives which influence the policy of Austria in this matter, and which, in the absence of a thorough consciousness of European support, she has not had as yet the courage to avow.

LORD CARDIGAN'S CHESNUT HORSE.

WHEN Lord George Paget and the Light Brigade emerged from the enemy's batteries at Balaklava, and found a certain noble general (who shall be nameless) already safe outside, the first words reported to have been addressed by the inferior to the superior officer were, "I hope, my Lord, we didn't keep your lordship waiting." It does not appear that Lord Cardigan was not kept waiting—but it is certain that some injustice has been done to him. At last the smoke and dust that had gathered over the Balaklava charge has drifted away; and legal and trustworthy affidavits have established the fact that the noble Earl rode into the enemy's batteries before the rest of his brigade. Colonel Calthorpe himself, who, in his "Letters from Head-quarters," had insinuated that he never went in at all, has been compelled to admit that he was wrong. There can be no doubt of it. Lord Cardigan went in and went in first. It is, however, equally clear on the evidence as yet produced that Lord Cardigan got out again, and got out earlier than the rest. The other lines of the brigade had not yet reached the Russian guns before Lord Cardigan, mounted on his chesnut horse, was seen cantering back again by himself to the rear, leaving his men behind him in the battery. When the moment came for the Light Brigade to decide upon retreat, their noble commander could not be found. Hence arose some confusion of opinion; and when Lord Cardigan was discovered safe in the rear on the return of the cavalry, tongues began to make free with the noble earl's character for coolness under fire. The chesnut horse with white heels had been observed by the Russians on its way back, while the second line was advancing. "Who was the officer on the chesnut horse with the white heels, who was galloping back when the second line was going down?" asked General Liprandi of his prisoners. The answer was, that it was "Lord Cardigan," and Lord Cardigan's retreat was thus conspicuous both in the Russian and English lines—thanks to something striking in the colour of his horse. The next time Lord Cardigan goes into action we can only hope that he will be fortunate enough not to have a horse with white heels if there is any likelihood of his horse being compelled, by circumstances over which the noble lord has no control, thus to show them.

From the celerity of the noble earl's return, and in consequence partly of the smoke and confusion that hung over the battery,

Colonel Calthorpe and other unfriendly critics arrived at the unfounded and unfortunate conclusion that Lord Cardigan had never been in the battery at all. This was a grave injury to Lord Cardigan; and though it is plain how the mistake was made, the mistake was so prejudicial to an officer and nobleman, that it would not be proper to treat it as a light one. It does not do to say that it makes little difference whether Lord Cardigan went into the battery or no, because it is possible that he was so soon out again. Lord Cardigan has a right to have justice done him, and laymen see often very great differences where hot-tempered military cynics see but little.

This the Lord Chief Justice of England pointed out with an eloquence rarely equalled in modern courts of law; and with his remarks upon this point all will sympathize; though what the Lord Chief Justice thinks of Lord Cardigan's military valour is probably as important as what Lord Cardigan might think of the Lord Chancellor's law. It was not the Lord Chief Justice's place, as a judge, to examine the further question how far Lord Cardigan's conduct from first to last had been deserving of the high praise which the noble earl seems willing to accept, when he can get it. Partly it may be said to be invidious to examine the question at all; for all who are willing may let fall a veil upon any of the shortcomings in the generalship of the Crimea. Yet, in justice to Colonel Calthorpe, as Lord Cardigan has mooted the question, and to take Lord Cardigan's own point of view—by way of clearing the ground for future historians—it is better to point out two other mistakes into which Lord Cardigan has been led by his want of memory about the fight in question. We must begin by assuming the truth of the affidavits put in on Colonel Calthorpe's side, which are allowed, we believe, to be altogether consistent with those on which Lord Cardigan relies. The senior officer in command under Lord Cardigan says, that as he approached the Russian artillery, he lost sight of his lordship in the smoke, and seeing no more of him, was under the impression that his lordship was killed. Several officers gave testimony to the same effect. Some had seen his lordship galloping back to the rear while the 8th Hussars were advancing; and John Edden, a private in the 4th Light Dragoons, says:—

"As we were charging up to the Russian battery and within about 300 yards of it, we met Lord Cardigan returning alone to the rear, to the left; we then charged through the guns, and while we were in the rear of the guns I heard Lord George Paget ask where Lord Cardigan was. Captain Lowe said he had gone back. . . . Lord George Paget then gave the order to retire."

If this be true—and we do not understand that it is denied to be true by Lord Cardigan's counsel—one thing is certain, that though Lord Cardigan led his men in an intrepid way into the battery, he did not stay with them there, but made his way home alone on his white-heeled horse. It may well be that in the excitement of so stirring a scene he did what brave men do sometimes, and lost his head. It is only fair, however, to his lordship to point out an expression in a speech of General Liprandi, which accounts for the white-heeled charger's speedy retreat. "He is lucky to have got back," says General Liprandi, "as the Russians chased him as closely as they could." The affidavits on Lord Cardigan's side clearly show that, when he was in rear of the Russian batteries, some Cossacks rode at him. Taking these affidavits together with General Liprandi's speech, we may well imagine that Lord Cardigan was driven out of the battery and chased by these very Cossacks, and that when he got clear of them, instead of going back to his troops, he rode on home. We do not wonder at his annoyance at having felt obliged to do so, nor indeed can Lord Cardigan expect that such a mistake in generalship, as the Lord Chief Justice thinks that it may be called, can escape military criticism. It is not, as we have said, at all the same thing as turning back before the battery. If Lord Cardigan had lost his head five minutes earlier than he did, he might have been considered as deficient in courage. Losing it five minutes later would be another thing, and his lordship would have a right to the full benefit of the five minutes, of which Colonel Calthorpe seemed in any case in a hurry to deprive him. The difficulty we feel is about Lord Cardigan's Guildhall speech on February 6th, 1855. Upon that occasion he made a speech which took even more credit to himself than the credit merely for not having turned back short of the battery. We do not wish to suggest anything except thoughtlessness against Lord Cardigan; but, as a matter of public criticism, we are bound to say that a more modest speech upon that occasion would have been more suited to his own performances.

Secondly, we are driven to believe that Lord Cardigan's conduct to Colonel Calthorpe was seriously unjustifiable in the first instance, if we consider that Lord Cardigan had been obliged to leave his men to shift for themselves, and knew well that he had done so.

In December, 1856, Lord Cardigan applied to the Commander-in-Chief for a court-martial upon Colonel Calthorpe, for conduct in libelling him, which he described as unworthy of an officer and a gentleman. At that time the first edition only of Col. Calthorpe's book had been published; the second edition, which contained the libel this week complained of, had not yet appeared; and all the charge against Lord Cardigan's character in the Balaklava charge was contained in the following extract:—

"Scarce a man escaped, except those who crept under their gun-carriages, and thus put themselves out of the reach of our men's swords. This was the moment when a general was most required; but, unfortunately, Lord Cardigan was not then present. On coming up to the battery (as he afterwards himself described it) a gun was fired close to him, and for a moment he thought his leg was gone. Such was not the case, as he remained un hurt; however, his horse took fright, swerved round, and galloped off with him to the rear, passing on the way the 4th Light Dragoons and 8th Hussars, before those regiments got up to the battery."

If we understand the affidavits rightly, Lord Cardigan really was absent at the critical moment when his men required a general. Whatever the cause, he had left the battery and ridden back, leaving behind him a scene of danger and confusion. This being so, it may have been untrue, but it could scarcely be libellous or unfair to say that his horse took fright and galloped off with him on reaching the battery. Lord Cardigan applies for a court-martial, however, not on himself but on Colonel Calthorpe, and uses excessively strong language towards a young officer, who, though he may have put the case too strongly afterwards, had, up to this date, made no personal charge of want of courage against the noble earl, but had, on the contrary, stated the facts more favourably to Lord Cardigan's reputation for generalship and judgment than they came out afterwards. This was not fair play to a young officer. Either Lord Cardigan's memory had failed him when he made the application, or his temper; for it would be unwarrantable even to insinuate—what we do not believe—that he was vindictive enough to wish to ruin a brother officer, who had, after all, said less than he might fairly have said if he had known all. Nor can Lord Cardigan's subsequent attacks on Colonel Calthorpe be justified even by the fact that Colonel Calthorpe had altered the above passage in his second edition, so as to convey a still more unjust imputation. He moved against him by privately asking the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to dismiss him from the viceregal staff. He moved against him in the House of Lords by applying to Lord Panmure to strike Colonel Calthorpe off the rolls for scandalous and disgraceful conduct. This is the way in which a noble Earl, to whom the Law Courts were open, and who might have brought an action in the ordinary way, preferred to attack his critic. He does not offer to come like ordinary people into the witness-box, and prove that the accusations are calumnious; he applies first for a court-martial on Colonel Calthorpe—a form of trial in which the proceedings may be supposed to be private, if not one-sided, and where the truth of the libel itself would be less material to the issue. He applies, secondly, to the Government for an *ex parte* interference on the part of the Lord-Lieutenant. We have the most unbounded confidence in the abstract and theoretical justice of the Horse Guards; but the Horse Guards in practice (as we have sometimes taken the liberty to point out) are human—pure flesh and blood. We say nothing but this—that Colonel Calthorpe is a fortunate man to have been Lord Raglan's nephew. It is a terrible thing to contemplate what might have been the result upon his fortunes had he been one of the numerous family of the Smiths, and belonged not to the staff, but—let us say—to the 4th Dragoons.

By these invocations of superior authority, and by availing himself of his opportunities as a peer to crush a candid assailant, for a mistake which, however inexcusable in law, and however unfair to Lord Cardigan, must still be admitted not to have been an unnatural one, Lord Cardigan loses the sympathy which no doubt he would desire to deserve. When it was seen that he was moving, in 1863, for a criminal information, on account of a book published some six years ago, and actually withdrawn in 1861 from circulation, he lost all claim to the legitimate interference of the Queen's Bench. Chief Justice Cockburn expressed, however, the unanimous feelings of every gentleman, when he regretted that Lord Cardigan should have lain so long under the unfounded insinuation of having failed to enter the Russian batteries. The further consideration as to what portion of praise or blame Lord Cardigan is entitled—whether he is a hero or a great general, or only a mortal—we think the Lord Chief Justice had better leave to historians. The cry seems to be in military circles, that Kinglake is coming! We have no doubt that if any of the noble earls in high command in the Crimea had their weak points,

the gentleman in question will manage accidentally to allude to them. He ought not to be too hard on Lord Cardigan. We know that in the navy the fashion is for the captain to stand by his burning vessel to the last. Men of high rank in the navy, on such occasions walk out last. If in the army a different etiquette prevails, and a general walks out of the enemy's battery before his men, it is probably merely a difference—an unimportant difference—of fashion. As the Chief Justice eloquently hinted, none of us can tell what we should be inclined ourselves to do if we found ourselves in an enemy's battery. A man who, like Lord Cardigan, had ridden boldly in, can, at worst, only have been guilty of want of consideration in riding quickly out, even if he were not driven out at the point of the sword, which, upon the evidence, we have no doubt he was. The chesnut horse with the white heels, we feel sure, at all events, was glad to be out of it, if Lord Cardigan himself was indifferent. Probably the noble charger's feeling was, that if he ever got clear of the guns and the Cossack lances, he would give his noble rider leave to write upon his tomb the equine epitaph—"Occupet extremum scabies."

THE TWA KIRKS.

IN the last week of the merry month of May Edinburgh is annually invaded by a host of clergymen, who come from every nook and corner of the land,—from the Orkneys to the Cheviots, and from the rugged Western Islands, upon which the great waves of the Atlantic break, to the eastern sands, on which the German Ocean plays more mildly. At this season the streets swarm with black coats and white neck-ties. In spite of the old association of publicans and sinners, the inns, and even the taverns, are pervaded with divinity. There are few citizens of credit and renown who have not to make ready the "prophet's chamber" for a reverend guest. The raiment of these visitors, although monotonous in hue, is diverse and characteristic in its cut, and enables us to guess with considerable certainty whether the wearer is from the town or the country, the hills or the plains. When we meet a tall gaunt figure, in a swallow-tailed coat of antique design, the deep creases on which tell of its long repose in the wardrobe, with a wisp of crumpled linen round his scraggy neck, and a high-cheeked, weather-bronzed face, surmounted by one of those rough beavers which preceded the invention of the Paris hat, and when we hear the nasal drone of his accent, we instinctively picture to ourselves his humble manse, among wild desolate hills in some secluded region of the North, where heather is more luxuriant than corn, and sheep are more numerous than mankind. The pet clergyman of a town congregation—the bland recipient of countless book-markers and embroidered slippers from adoring spinsters—is equally distinguishable by his well-fitting frock-coat, faultless tie, natty boots, and lavender gloves. Intermediate, between these two extremes, we recognize the spiritual shepherd of a thriving agricultural parish, burly and jovial, encased in glistening broad-cloth, and perhaps as much at home over his toddy at a farmer's ordinary (remote from the diocese of Rochester) as in the pulpit or the vestry. Nor are there wanting a few who affect the long Noah's Ark coat, the high waistcoat reaching to the chin, and the narrow rim of collar, which are typical of a certain class of the English clergy, and which are supposed by the severer Presbyterians to indicate a dangerous bias towards the "pestilent Prelacy" of the Southron.

The cause of this clerical invasion is the meeting of the General Assemblies of the two great divisions of Presbyterianism—the Kirk of Scotland and the Free Kirk. When these two ceased to be one at the disruption, the seceders continued to hold that they formed the National Church, and to this day they still cling to this theory. Hence the Free Assembly is modelled exactly on that of the Established. It meets at the same time, and is constituted in the same way. Each comprises about four hundred members, of whom two-thirds are clerical and the rest are laymen. Every five parishes send up a minister, and for every two ministers there is one lay delegate. In some of the smaller and more distant parishes, where none of the elders can spare the time or the money for a visit to the capital, some person there resident—generally an advocate or law agent, who finds it a capital stepping-stone to practice—receives a commission to act as a delegate. On both sides an effort is made to obtain the attendance of notabilities. A live lord who can talk is, of course, a great catch; but an M.P. is better than nothing. In bagging this sort of game, the keen scent and untiring energy of the Frees secure them most success. The Kirk, however, may console itself for any deficiency in this respect by the reflection that its Assembly basks in the presence of Royalty itself—at least of a representative of Royalty. In the Established Assembly, on a throne above the Moderator (or President), sits a

bald-headed, benevolent-looking nobleman, in a red coat, and silver epaulettes, with a cocked hat and a cavalry sabre. This is the Lord High Commissioner,—the representative of her Majesty; and a very imposing personage he is, or at least he is so reckoned in Edinburgh. He is always called "Your Grace," and in return he styles the ministers and elders of the Kirk "right honourable and right reverend." During the fortnight of his stay, old Holyrood wakes up from its dreams of the romantic past, and becomes once more gay and bustling in the present. Heralds, pursuivants, halberd bearers, pages in bag wigs, and superb powdered flunkies, attend his Grace's steps. He rides in a grand coach, with an escort of dragoons. He gives state dinners and holds levées, to which scores of briefless advocates, and aspiring shopkeepers in their Sunday clothes, go in hackney-coaches. To maintain this state, he receives an allowance of £2,000. Sometimes he spends half and sometimes twice as much, according to his disposition. The Tory Commissioners have generally eclipsed the Whig ones by their magnificence; and there are amusing stories of country brethren, accustomed to the lemonade of the latter régime, being overpowered by the novelty of the champagne dispensed during a brief Conservative reaction. As yet, however, no Commissioner has dared to defy the tradition which prescribes green peas at the opening banquet.

The loss of the presence of the Lord High Commissioner is a sore grief to the Free Kirk Assembly. But there is not the least prospect that they will ever make it up with "Cæsar,"—as they call the Government in their odd ecclesiastical slang,—and of this the leaders of their body are well aware. A proposal for amalgamation has been made to them by the United Presbyterians, an important body of Scotch Dissenters, but they feel very much in the position of a lady who has a strong moral conviction that her husband has been drowned at sea or eaten by cannibals, but is afraid to contract another marriage lest he should turn up again. While the Frees are coquetting with the United Presbyterians, there are some who think that the Kirk is casting sheep's eyes towards the English Establishment. A strong feeling is certainly springing up among the leading congregations in favour of some of the modes of English worship. Their common sense approves the reverent attitude of kneeling during prayer, and the convenience of giving the lungs full play by standing while singing, and leads them to depart from the conventional Scotch usage of standing in the former, and sitting in the latter case. They are also not indisposed to the use of the Liturgy and instrumental music. While, in these respects, there is a tendency to assimilate the services of the Kirk of Scotland to those of the Church of England, no one who knows anything of Presbyterianism can doubt that a great change must come over the spirit of the Scotch people before they accept that prelacy, which is coupled, on so many moss-grown tomb-stones, with the "tyranny and perjury," against which their fathers bore witness, and in a traditional abhorrence of which so many generations have been reared.

It is impossible, however, to read the debates in the recent sittings of the two Assemblies, without being struck with the more wholesome and liberal state of opinion evinced by the Established Kirk, as compared with its rival. While in the former several distinguished ministers have adopted the "innovations" to which we have referred, in the latter, only one minister, the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, has done so. Driven to bay by the almost unanimous opposition of his brethren, he had to warn them not to carry their "ecclesiastical tyranny" too far, lest he and his congregation should leave them. Again, on the Sunday question, while the Rev. Mr. Story, of Roseneath, Professor Miligan, and other respected members of the Established Assembly, boldly advocated a more liberal construction of the rules of Sabbath observance, in the Free Assembly, on the other hand, only one voice, that of Mr. Charles Cowan, the late M.P. for Edinburgh, was raised on that side. The accurate knowledge which his opponents possessed was illustrated by a repeated allegation of one of the bailies, that in England, not only public gardens, but "museums and theatres, and all those sort of places," were open on Sunday. It is well known that Scotch elders have the faculty, by a kind of "second sight," when they come to London on deputations, of spying out all manner of disreputable haunts, of which residents in London know nothing; but Bailie Blackadder is one of the few who have found a theatre open to them here on the Sunday. The greater liberality of the Established Kirk is partly due to the fact that its ministers are more independent, and can speak their minds more freely, than those of the other body, who have to consider how their views will please the congregation who supply their stipends. It is, however, also due in some degree to that hatred which the Free Church entertains

towards the Establishment, and which leads it to condemn whatever its rival inclines to.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that those who, like Dr. Begg and others of his denomination, place Sunday excursions, or the reading on that day of books not exclusively religious, even such as the "Leisure Hour" of the Tract Society, or "Good Words," on the same level of iniquity as intemperance, and profligacy, really represent the general feeling of Scotland. The proposal for the opening of the Edinburgh Botanic Gardens on Sunday, which was discussed in the House of Commons on Tuesday, was, doubtless, a mistake, because the city of Edinburgh is already very well supplied with public pleasure-gardens, and because we must all agree that unnecessary labour on the Sunday should be avoided. The public opinion, however, of the Scotch on this question has of late greatly advanced. Twenty years ago, although compurgators had ceased to prowl about in search of sinful wights walking about as pleased and cheerful on the Lord's Day as on any other day of the week, there were but few citizens who had the moral courage to venture forth for a "constitutional," even between church hours on a Sunday afternoon or evening. But during the last few years, while the strong devotional feeling of the people has not abated, they have grown more tolerant in these matters. On a Sunday evening in summer the Queen's Park, the Prince's-street Gardens, the Meadows, and other public grounds are resorted to by numbers of people of all classes. Some prolong their walks as far as the seaside, or to the pleasant heights of Braid or Corstorphine, and it is only the "unco gude" who frown upon this harmless recreation.

THE FIFTH OF JUNE AT ETON.

THE traditions of Eton are very conservative and aristocratic; but even there, under the influence of public opinion, great changes have been made which are all for the better, and the Public Schools Commission, now sitting, may probably effect still greater ones. Year after year new houses spring up to accommodate more fitly the increasing number of boys. The old school-rooms, many of which were in such a state as might have provoked complaint from any Government school-inspector, have just been supplemented by a large new building, distributed into many well-fitted and well-ventilated rooms. The chapel has been gradually restored and adorned with painted glass, a reredos, and handsome stalls, till it has become a model in its kind. The vacancies on the foundation, leading up to the comfortable scholarships and fellowships of King's, are filled up by public competition. Examinations have been multiplied; the study of modern languages and history, and of mathematics, has been encouraged; and the old royal foundation of King Henry becomes daily more worthy of its place as the leading place of education for the upper and upper middle classes of the country.

The old festival of the 4th of June has developed with other things. So simple in its original form, beginning at six in the evening, and lasting but a few hours, one wonders, on looking back to it, how even boys could make so much of it, thinking of it all the half-year before and after, and finding it so enjoyable. But it was in fact the celebration of what forms so great and pleasant a part of the Eton boy's summer life, the festival of the boats and of old Father Thames, kept upon the birthday of King George III., who came down regularly to look at the procession of long-boats from a pretty garden at the bend of the river at Surley Hall, some two miles above Windsor-bridge. Boating has been from time immemorial the fashionable and aristocratic amusement of the school. To be "in the boats," to row or steer in one of the regular eight-oars, is the ambition of most of the small boys who enter it; and the captain of the boats, or the best oar, very often the biggest boy in the school, is, during his year of office, about the greatest potentate in Europe. The procession sets out about seven from the Brocas meadow, opposite the old town and castle; and the scene on a fine evening is as pretty and lively a one as man or boy can wish to see. There is the gathering by the river-side; boat after boat, with its appropriate flag and uniform, launching out from the admiring circle of mothers, sisters, fathers, brothers and friends,—the crews in straw hats, striped shirts, and white or blue trousers; the small steerers in full midshipman's or admiral's dress, with cocked hats, gold lace, and large bouquets in their hands; bands playing on the water, the Windsor bells ringing out merrily, the old elm-trees of the Clump, the meadow, castle, and river shining in the evening sun. Then the advance up the river, the scene in the locks, where all the boats and their various colours are crowded in pretty confusion, while the walls echo to the music. Then the picnic at Surley, with tents, tables, crowds of carriages, lobster-salad and champagne—the return—the same scene, more hilarious, repeated in

the locks. There is the arrival of the boats, about dusk, at the island just above Windsor-bridge, the first rocket followed by a brilliant and rapid display of fireworks on the island, while the boats row round or float along beside it with oars held up; red and blue lights alternately lighting up the river banks and the mass of humanity upon them, which shrieks with admiration. This is the 4th of June as it should be, and as the Prince and Princess came to see it. Alas! of all this, the essence of the festival, they saw nothing; and the drenching rain drove them back early in the day to Frogmore. It is the Queen alone who has the prerogative of commanding the weather. To her Horace's lines may be literally addressed:—

"Vultus ubi tuns
Affulsit populo, gratior it dies
Et soles melius nitent."

Twice running has the Eton boat-procession been shifted from the 4th to the 5th of June. Last year the 4th was the Derby day, this year the Ascot Cup day. And twice has it been shifted from gloriously fine to execrably wet weather.

The 4th of June was of old exactly like any other day at Eton, until six in the evening, except that a few more visitors than usual would be seen lounging about. But it has of late years been made a regular speech day; with this advantage, that at least one part of the proceedings can be carried on in spite of rain. The Prince and Princess arrived with scrupulous punctuality at noon, amid such shouting as boys only can achieve. They seemed to listen with patience and occasional amusement to the speeches. The old Upper School—and in this the authorities were right—was allowed to wear its usual Speech-day aspect. Only a little red cloth upon the barriers and elsewhere set off in greater contrast the plain old oak panelling of the wainscot and desks, carved in every inch of it with the names of endless generations of boys; and, above, the whitewashed walls were only diversified with the busts of Fox, Canning, Wellington, and other distinguished Etonians, which were placed on them in Dr. Hawtrey's time. The address to the Prince and Princess, in heroic couplets, was given with good effect by its composer, a son of Lord Bristol. It has no great poetical merit, and it might have been rather shorter with advantage. But on the whole the verses were pretty and flowing, and there was nothing in any way to offend the taste. The growing habit of introducing more of English, French, and German, and fewer of Greek and Latin speeches, is decidedly to be commended. It was really a cruel thing to condemn an audience, of whom at least half are ladies, to listen for an hour together to speeches in the dead languages. Modern languages were the exception; they are now the rule. Some of the pieces, especially "Malvolio," and a scene from the "Fourberies de Scapin," were very well given. But elocution is not, on the whole, sufficiently studied. If boys are to speak in public and to command the attention of a large audience, they must be regularly taught elocution. It is very doubtful if Eton possesses a master who understands anything at all about speaking or acting; yet the speaking is much improved from old days. And it seems that some departure is now made from the old system, under which all sixth form boys, and they alone, had a vested right to speak, whether they had any vocation that way or not; whence in most instances resulted much rapid gabbling of old bits of Cicero and Virgil, accompanied by painfully wooden action.

After speeches, the Prince and Princess inspected the old chapel, and then walked through the new schools by way of "opening" them, though they seemed to have been already used. Then came great feasts: one in the College Hall to two hundred people; another to a few archbishops, dukes, and great personages, invited to meet the Prince, at the Provost's lodge; others again in the various masters' houses. The Prince and Princess drove away in the rain, which now steadily began just as the Volunteer corps mustered and marched to the playing-fields for inspection—the second great ceremony of the day. The corps make an extremely creditable show, mustering six companies, or some three hundred strong; and it is clear that the boys have mastered pretty thoroughly the elements of company and battalion drill. The unevennesses of stature were, of course, considerable. And it was ludicrous to see some very small boys straining with all their might to stride the thirty inches of the regulation pace. But these school corps and cadet corps should be encouraged in every way. In volunteering, as in everything else, if your institution is to flourish and to last, the great thing is to keep up its nurseries.

As the evening came on, and the time arrived for the boats to start, the drizzle deepened into regular down-pour. That the boats did start while one mass of brown umbrellas covered the Brocas; that champagne largely diluted with rainwater, and lobster salad floating therein, were duly eaten and drunk at Surley Hall;

that rockets attempted to go up, and splendid pyrotechnic conceits bravely spluttered and fought against the rain and wind,—all these must be accepted as indisputable facts. It is even credibly reported that the Prince of Orange duly went up to Surley as sitter in the leading boat—an honour purchased by the gift from the sitter to the boat's crew of from one to six dozen of champagne; and that a crowd of carriages, many of them full of ladies, went through the whole of the ceremony. Happy they whom no misguided zeal or enthusiasm of an Eton son or brother so misled, who quietly took the train to return to town, without having been wet to the skin, and then got dry again, and without laying in an unfailing stock of cold, rheumatism and lumbago! But to the Eton boy on the 4th of June rain or shine makes little difference. He may possibly use an umbrella; but a great coat—he scorns the very idea of one. He will see the last Catharine-wheel extinguished by the rain, and then retire to supper:—

“A ducking on the river's brim
A wetted jacket is to him,
And it is nothing more.”

But, oh, Jupiter Pluvius! oh, Admiral Fitzroy! could you not have given us timely warning, or, better still, could you not have sent upon some other evening the rain which the country so much desired?

THREE TALES OF THE PEERAGE.

THE vicissitudes of noble and illustrious families have ever been favourite topics of heralds and poets. Nor have the sympathies of mankind in general been denied to these conspicuous examples of that mutability of fortune which awaits all in turn. No doubt Mr. Thackeray could easily detect a snobbish element in the keen zest with which we devour every column in the *Times* that might be, if it is not, headed “A Romance in High Life.” But without at all denying that here, as almost everywhere else, the traces of human weakness and childishness may be detected, it is but fair to admit that the public curiosity and interest are not without a more substantial justification. So long as we retain those distinctions of classes which we reckon amongst the safeguards of our liberties, although foreigners find it difficult to reconcile them with any liberty at all, it is inevitable, and, upon the whole, it is advantageous that a sharper scrutiny than ordinary should fix upon any unusual deeds or occurrences which disturb the serene and untroubled current of high life. It is well that those who enjoy conspicuous rank and influence should feel that the public eye is upon them. Mankind in general, moreover, are not gifted with that microscopic vision, or that power of perceiving the realities of things, which would enable them to see, in the ups and downs of a small tradesman's life, tragedies as real and striking as those which convulse a royal or illustrious house. Not only is the world a stage, but any fact or aspect of life which would get itself recognised, must—unless it involve monstrous guilt or superhuman virtue—assume something of a stagey character. Unless it puts on a crown or a coronet, dresses itself out in robes, and has a fanfare of trumpets blown before it, men are apt to pass it by as commonplace or trivial. We have an inveterate habit of weighing things by results, and the least which we think worth attending to are the transfer of a great estate, or the inheritance of a name which is historic at least in the pages of Burke or Debrett.

From whatever motives we may be led to take interest in scandals connected with the peerage, there is just now an abundant supply of these exciting topics. In each of the three kingdoms, the courts are either occupied on, or are about to be occupied with, a *cause célèbre* of this description. In many respects the Irish contribution is the most striking, and we will therefore give it precedence. The Egmont case not only involves the destination of great estates, but, if the plaintiff's assertions are substantiated, it reveals a course of the most astute and systematic villany on the part of a man who filled during a long life positions of the highest trust and confidence, and went down to his grave honoured and respected by all who knew him. The issue here is neither more nor less than this—Was the late Sir E. Tierney—a solicitor of large practice in Dublin, agent to several of the largest landed proprietors in Ireland, Crown solicitor for the north-west circuit, and registrar of the Court of Appeal in that country—guilty of violating the trust reposed in him, and of obtaining by false and fraudulent pretences the Irish estates of the Egmont family? It seems that in the early part of the present century the affairs of that noble house were in a most deplorable state of confusion; and it was found requisite in 1824 to vest their extensive landed property both in Ireland and England in the hands of trustees, who were empowered to sell the estates and to pay their creditors out of the

proceeds. In the meantime these trustees, one of whom was Mr. (afterwards Sir Edward Tierney), were directed to pay the then Earl of Egmont (whom we will call Earl John) an allowance of £2,000 a year; and his son, who subsequently became Earl Henry, an allowance of £1,000 a year, to be increased to £2,000 upon the death of his father. The surplus of the estates, whether sold or unsold, was to be limited to the survivor. The English estates were subsequently sold; and the general result of the dealing with the property under the trust deed, was that Earl Henry found himself in 1837 the possessor in fee of the Irish estates. These consisted of about 11,000 acres in the county of Cork, variously valued at from £200,000 to £250,000, but subject to mortgages and charges amounting to £100,000. He had also in the previous year succeeded to the Cotymore estate in Wales. The whole were placed by the earl under the sole management of Tierney, who remitted to him during the remainder of his life the £2,000 a year secured to him out of the Irish estates under the trust deed of 1824; and also paid over the balance of the rents of the Cotymore estates after discharging the interest of mortgages. On the one side it is said that this was all the income fairly available; on the other, it is contended that Tierney deliberately cooked the accounts so as to induce the earl to believe that the estates were far less valuable than they really were; and that while he was laying out large sums in permanent improvements, he led his client to think that the whole receipts, except the £2,000 a year, were swallowed up by the incumbrances. That Earl Henry during his life-time was thoroughly convinced of this, and that he made his will under that impression, is admitted on all hands. But then it is said by the present Earl of Egmont that his mind was so completely enfeebled by intemperance that he was quite incapable of forming any judgment upon the accounts submitted to him. The representatives of Sir E. Tierney, however, while admitting that the Earl was addicted to low and debauched habits, allege that he was nevertheless a keen and competent man of business, that he carefully scrutinized the accounts submitted to him, and that he thoroughly knew the condition of his property. They say that he was quite right in believing his estates to have been worth little in 1841, for that in truth they only became valuable after several subsequent years of careful management by Tierney. This at least is clear, that Earl Henry led such a life as completely estranged all his family from him; and that none of them were near him when, towards the end of the year 1841, he was dying in a London hotel, from the mingled effects of continued intoxication and of a cold caught at the great fire in the Tower. He was then confessedly in the hands of Tierney, and it was by the direction of this man that a will was prepared, under which the Irish estates of the Egmont family passed to a Dublin attorney. Earl Henry was succeeded in the title by his cousin, then Lord Arden (the present Earl of Egmont); but the three Misses Perceval were co-heiresses to the property. These ladies immediately caused inquiries to be made as to the capacity of the testator to execute this singular testamentary disposition; but there appeared to be no chance of disputing the document on this ground. Mr. Tierney, who became Sir Edward on the death of his brother in 1845, therefore retained possession of the estates without dispute, during the remainder of his life; and on his death he bequeathed them to his son-in-law, the Rev. Sir William Darrell. In 1860 Lord Egmont, who had previously, by the death of the last Miss Perceval, become heir-at-law to Earl Henry, discovered that the Irish estates were then of considerable value; and as he believes—but this is disputed—were of considerable value in 1841. Under these circumstances, he seeks to recover them from their present holders, on the ground that they were alienated from his family by Earl Henry, under an entire misconception of their value—a misconception produced by the fraudulent representations and devices of Tierney. The Lord Chancellor of Ireland has just decided that the various questions on which the validity of the will of 1841 depends must be determined by a jury of the county of Cork. Until their verdict is delivered, we must of course suspend our judgment on this singular case.

The disputed succession to the Breadalbane peerage involves no questions at all resembling those which we have just described. The only point here raised is the validity of a marriage said to have been solemnized in the last century; and it is chiefly interesting from the fact that estates with a rental of £50,000 a year are at stake, and from the singular fatality that has doomed the elder branches of the family to extinction, and now compels us to search for an heir amongst the representatives of a gentleman who lived in the early part of the 17th century. This heir, when found, will not indeed succeed to the English marquise, which was held

by the peer who died last year at Lausanne, and became extinct on his death. He can only aspire to the Scotch earldom, viscountcy, and barony conferred in 1681 upon Sir John Campbell of Glenorchy, with remainder (after some intervening limitations, which are immaterial) to his heirs-general. All the lineal heirs of this Sir John Campbell have become extinct, and both the present claimants of the estate derive their title from his ancestor, a Robert Campbell of Glenorchy. Without, however, going quite so far back, it is sufficient to say that both William John Alexander Gavin Campbell and Cecil Charles William Campbell descend from one William Campbell of Glenfalloch, who was contemporary with George II.; the former claiming to represent his second son, James, and the latter his sixth son, John. The controversy between them turns upon the validity of a marriage which James Campbell is said to have contracted in September, 1782. If that can be supported, his grandson, John Alexander Gavin Campbell is unquestionably entitled to the property; if not, it is equally clear that it must pass to his rival. At present we have only before us the case of Charles William Campbell, who has just applied to sequester the Breadalbane estates pending the issue of the suit. We must, therefore, take his statements with some reserve; but, according to his petition, the evidence in favour of the disputed marriage amounts to no more than this;—that in 1807 the War Office received from a lady who had unquestionably cohabited with James Campbell for many years, a letter claiming to be entitled, as his widow, to a pension. In that communication she asserts that she was married to him in 1782, by Mr. Macgregor, "a Galic (sic) minister in Edinburgh." Unfortunately, however, both Mr. Macgregor and an alleged witness of the marriage were then dead; the former had left behind him no register, and the applicant confessed that she had lost her wedding "lines" in America, whither she had accompanied her husband, who was an officer in the 40th regiment of Foot. If this be, indeed, all the evidence of the marriage, it is certainly of the slightest description, especially as the presumption from cohabitation would seem to be rebutted by the fact that one of the children of James Campbell, born in 1796, is registered as the son of Captain James Campbell and "Mrs. Eliza Maria Blanchard"—the latter being the original name of the lady who asserts in her letter to the War Office that she was married in 1782. But that is not all. For the petitioner proposes to show that even if there was a marriage in 1782 it was invalid, for the simple reason that Mrs. Blanchard was then the lawful wife of Christopher Ludlow, from whom she had eloped, and who did not die until 1784. However, as we have already intimated, all the information we possess at present comes from one side.

During the last week some further proceedings have taken place in regard to the succession to a far older and more famous, if not so richly endowed, Scotch peerage. We need do little more than refer to the nature of the Dundonald case. That it is a most painful as well as a most interesting one, will be readily admitted. For whatever may be the truth as to the alleged first marriage between the late Earl and the lowly born but heroic woman who shared his perils and earned a right to participate in his glory, it certainly did not become Captain Cochrane, the third son (born after a second ceremony, which took place some years afterwards), to cast a doubt upon the honour of his father and the virtue of his mother, by impugning the title of his eldest brother; still less did it become him to put forward such a witness as Mr. Jackson, the private secretary of the late lord. Even if we believed his statements as completely as we disbelieve them, it is difficult to characterize too strongly the conduct of a son who could become the instrument of making them public. For this man not only swore that the Countess Dowager had repeatedly acknowledged that she was not a wedded wife before the second ceremony, but he declared that while her husband (then Lord Cochrane) was confined in prison, she had declared her intention to become the mistress of his uncle, Mr. Basil Cochrane, and had even descended to offer herself to him (Jackson). The noble old lady attended before the Committee of Privileges on Tuesday last, and gave to these statements the indignant and emphatic denial that every one expected from her; but which few, excepting apparently Lord Redesdale, felt to be at all necessary. That noble lord would indeed appear to be still bent upon setting up the testimony of Jackson, as he elicited it from Lady Dundonald in cross-examination, that this man was in the confidence of her husband. "My husband did not, I suppose, despise him as I did," she added with a bitter contempt, for which there appears good ground. If his story be true, why did he not unmask this woman to his patron and employer? if it be false—but we need say nothing as to that alternative. The case was again adjourned, but we cannot imagine

there is any serious doubt that the right of the present earl to the honours and estates of this ancient family will eventually be upheld by the House of Lords.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.

It is quite right that people should be made to pay for going fast. Express tickets are a luxury much too great to give away for the asking; and it is only Brighton railway companies who can afford to run us over fifty miles within the hour for a less sum than is required by another railway company, before it will take us in double the time from London to Cambridge. But express travelling is not all pleasure to every passenger. A man who is affected with a slight constitutional timidity may be allowed to plead guilty to a little shade of anxiety—a little extra beating of the heart—a little regret that he has not insured his life at the cost of threepence, as he rattles on, and flies past one station after another, and hears now the long warning whistle to something ahead, and now the short sharp, terrible one, that suggests he knows not what horrors, coming close upon him. He may perhaps own to a feeling of intense thankfulness, when the jolting and shaking of a twenty miles' stretch begins to diminish, and his fellow-passengers pack up their rugs and look for their papers, and familiar signs of the journey's end meet his eye outside the carriage-window. He would infinitely prefer the "ordinary trains," so far as his personal feelings are concerned. But to the great body of mankind—men, women, and children—comprising those who never think at all, and many excitable persons who do, there is a great deal of pleasure in spinning swiftly through the air. It affords to lazy mortals the agreeable sensations of shaking without its trouble—while the very consciousness, dim as it may be, of a certain measure of risk, will always make quick travelling, like Blondin and fighting, a very popular amusement. After all, its advantages pretty nearly balance its perils.

Certainly, this is a fast age. Its doings and movements and institutions are all fast together. Its men are petted by its women, its women worshipped by the men, and its children patted and praised by both, in the exact proportion in which they are fast. That even our own grave senate has caught the infection, would be illustrated in rather a startling manner by a history of the rise and growth of religious liberty in England during the last forty years. That the "express" principle is still as popular as ever in this branch of our social system, will appear from the late debates on the "Prison Ministers Bill," which has been read a second time in the House of Lords this week. A glance at the provisions of this Bill, and a thought how differently it has fared from what would have been its fate had it been proposed at the beginning of the present century, will sufficiently account to any ordinary intelligence for the train of remarks into which our erratic thoughts have wandered. Forty years ago, this country of ours would as soon have thought of adopting the eminently immortal constitution of the "United" States of America, as of discovering that the absence of authorised Roman Catholic priests from attendance on the ill-used tenants of our national prisons was a slur upon our national Christianity. But we now see representatives of every class and every shade of politics in our legislature, eager to be foremost in deprecating any such bigotry and narrow-mindedness as opposing this fresh step in religious emancipation. Let us ask what all this means, and what it points to. It must be, either that Protestant Christianity makes men more liberal as it extends its influence over them, or that people are not so enthusiastic about it as they used to be. Without making these pages the arena of a theological dispute by entering into the first of these two alternatives, we would only venture to affirm our serious conviction that never, in the whole history of religious civilization, was there more need for a careful individual inquiry by every one of us, where liberality and toleration end, and where idol-sanctioning begins, than there is now; that never, in the whole history of religious controversy, has this question been properly ventilated; and that on the answer which this in-coming generation shall ultimately give to it, depends in a very great degree, the fate of our national safety and of our National Church. In everything besides religion all extremes are by nature pernicious. It well behoves every intelligent member of our community to set himself down this moment to an earnest investigation, whether there is not in religious matters also a limit beyond which lie the dangers and the evils whence two centuries of progress have rescued us; and if so, how far off that fatal limit is, and how it is to be avoided.

Till men will do this, and will consent to rouse themselves alike from the false modesty which neglects the great fact of individual power and influence in every one of us more or less, and from the

lazy torpor which forgets that each bears a separate share of our national responsibility, increasing liberty, however good, will be nothing for us to be proud of; any more than a child who has set a great stone rolling down hill may claim credit for his own precocious strength in making it reach the bottom over so great a distance. His claim to admiration would evidently rather be in stopping it at the right moment, before it did damage at its journey's end. But how about the possible truth of that suggestion, that English society generally does not in fact care so much about religious questions as it did forty years ago? We all know how true it is that use begets neglect, even in the greatest blessings of every-day life. Can it be that this is the case with religion, and that the very fact that this has gained so firm a hold on our nation—on even the customs and fashions of our people—is the reason why Protestant England is at this moment so ready to acquiesce in any new concession to a foreign faith, and less stringent observance of our own? There is too much reason, we believe, to fear that there are some grounds for such a notion.

As for this particular measure, there is much to be said on both sides of the question. Viewed in one light, the Bill in question simply does away with a clear anomaly—a relic of religious exclusiveness in a State which has avowedly adopted principles of thorough toleration. It merely gives to the 5,000 Roman Catholic occupants of our prisons and penal settlements the privilege of ministration from their own priests, who must be supposed to be capable of the greatest influence over them. And while we are very far from sympathizing with any who look at these simply as poor pitiable objects of compassion whom the State is bound to comfort and pamper with all its possible appliances, we can still quite understand that if this is really the only way by which religious instruction can ever get near them, we are bound to adopt it. On the other hand, and viewed in a different light, this new measure provides an additional opening for Popish arts and seditious sentiments creeping into the midst of our social system, and gradually extending an authority which ever since the Reformation it has been our pride to undermine and deny. Which of these two contending arguments is entitled by its balance to our vote, we do not mean here to decide. All we do say is, that as every step in free legislation must have some effect on what is to succeed it, and makes future resistance harder, it behoves our nation to consider well, in every case of this sort, the principles on which it is based, and the motives with which it receives assent.

If we look at the religious "signs of the times" around us, we fear we cannot find much reason for self-congratulation. As far as can be gathered from the complaints of the bishops of our Church, the young men of our upper and middle classes are gradually beginning to find every profession and employment more attractive than that of holy orders. What a contrast this to the testimony of our two great Universities half a century back! Law-schools were then in both of them comparatively unknown; in one even by name, in the other as far as actual attendance at them went. Now, both Oxford and Cambridge have schools of law whose range of subjects is spreading every year, and triposes whose lists get larger and larger. Young men, who are first led to the subject by the inducement of easy honours and attractive prizes, are by this means induced to turn in crowds towards the various Inns of Courts in London, and to adopt as a profession what has been the pleasant road to an honourable degree. It is a patent fact to all acquainted with present University matters, that more than one-half of each year's batch of undergraduates sent forth into the great world are destined for some branch of the legal profession. Add to this, that in one of our Universities, at least, a medical "hostel" is in full swing; and it appears pretty obvious that clerical life is not in possession of all the attractiveness it once used to have.

What is to be said, again, of those who are to be numbered among the rising generation of parsons? We have no hesitation in asserting, as a truth well known to every one with any present close acquaintance with either Oxford or Cambridge, that a vast number of the best intellects among the young men of each are at this moment deterred from undertaking a clergyman's calling by the unsettled state of their religious convictions. We appeal for proof of this to scores of them who are now wasting their time in the idleness of resident fellowships, or in the still more unsatisfactory delay of masterships at Eton, and Rugby, and Harrow. And those who do undertake the vocation to which they may have looked forward from boyhood, are many of them—God forbid that we should say all or even most of them!—men who, by reason of not having sufficient brains for either of the other liberal professions, enter the Church as the most probable means of a gentlemanlike livelihood, and settle down—again we say many of them—into a luxurious and unthinking Tractarianism.

Now, if all this is true—and we appeal to all honest men who are by experience qualified to judge—there is manifestly something wrong somewhere or other. That it proves honesty in a great many we are aware, and very thankful we are for thus much at least. But can nothing be done to remedy a complaint so appalling,—a symptom which suggests terrible fears of national scepticism, atheism, or whatever people choose to call it, and an eventual overturning of all the charm and glory of our country's religion and our State-Church? Is it a fact that that Church's leaders are disqualified—the foremost of them by indolence and the rest by incompetency—from guiding men's thoughts and solving men's difficulties, especially those young intelligent ones who are sitting down in darkness and anxiety to the subject, as their ancestors did in days gone by? We declare unhesitatingly that we do not believe the official defenders of our religion are so degenerated. Is it true, again, that the reason why that episcopal heresy which is giving rise to so much disgust and declamation and opprobrium—to everything but the crushing disgrace of refutation—is really exerting its wide influence, not because it is considered worthy of being the rallying-flag of a new army of doubters, but because it has given expression in clearly-printed pages to vague thoughts which have been gradually growing in the midst of a shallow, careless nation of Protestantism? We fear this is so. Let those whose place it is, look well to this coincidence of rapidly-increasing religious laxity in our legislation, with so unhappy a state of things! And if England would be saved from the cool, supercilious indifference on all religious thoughts and questions which has led into actual atheism more than one neighbouring nation, once as jealous as ourselves of the cause of theology and their Church, then it is surely time for the rank and file of our land to take the matter in hand for themselves. National Christianity, at least, is a treasure of practical importance to every one of us. Some of us may even think national Protestantism is as valuable. But we would give this last a secondary claim on our attention, for this simple reason, that if the first be looked to, we believe the second is pretty sure to follow. Let us take care not to go "too fast" in this matter. There are stations to be stopped at, and wheels to be looked to. We rejoice in the progress of religious liberty, if each stage be made advisedly and with due care. But do not let us pass our proper journey's end while we are enjoying a nap. We would rather have seen an important measure like this "Prison Ministers Bill" a subject of monster petitions, and a topic for clamorous meetings, than passing as it has passed, with barely a remark outside the Senate doors. It may be all right; but it may, on the other hand, be all wrong. We should have looked at it with more confidence if it had made more noise. Let us take care that questions of this character do not degenerate in popular regard into questions of secondary importance. It will be an ill day for England when "religion and piety" are dissociated, in the ideas of our people, from "peace and happiness."

INSCRIPTIONS ON TOMBS.

We cannot join in the attack made by Dr. Candlish at a meeting of the Free Church Assembly at Edinburgh on the Balmoral inscription to Prince Albert. That inscription, whatever may be the opinion of "Bible-loving Scotland" and of the Rev. Dr. Candlish, is not public property. The cairn, "of pyramidal shape, forty feet high," does not stand on public ground, nor has it been paid for with public money. It does not even stand on consecrated ground, but on "a commanding position on a hill some distance south of the castle." It is, therefore, a private affair, which we have no right to criticize. "Bible-loving Scotland" and her vigilant monitor, the well-known leader of the Free Church movement, would do well to mind their own affairs, settle their own differences, and leave her Majesty to indulge her grief and her respect for the Prince Consort's memory as it seems best to herself. But though we decline to enter into this particular question, the occasion seems not ill-suited for a few words on the subject of inscriptions on tombstones in general. We wish to take our stand, not on "a hill some distance south" of Balmoral, but in any town or village churchyard in England, or even in the splendid fanes of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. Here we wish to apply in another sense the words of the memorable inscription to the builder of St. Paul's, "*Si monumentum quaeras, circumspice.*" We do find *monumenta* indeed, and *monumenta* which would be a scandal almost in a heathen land, and certainly in a Christian. It needs not much looking round, for wherever you look you are met with tombs whose pompous inscriptions, and whose profuse ornamentation with warlike and other weapons, with sobbing relatives and

fat blubbing cherubs, must be displeasing to the minds of refined and educated Christian people.

In seeking to simplify and so to elevate the popular taste in the matter of inscriptions, though we should by no means recommend quotations from any but Christian, and generally from inspired, writers, we should scarcely be prepared to deny to a mourning relative the right to quote the words of a heathen, provided they were capable of being interpreted in an unequivocally Christian spirit. Take the following as an example. If a man were desirous to put Greek words on a monument to his wife, there could be nothing, we conceive, objectionable in such ideas as these from an ancient inscription:—

ὅτι ἐθανεσεν πρώτη, μετὰ βῆς ὃς ἀμεινονα χωρον.
 * * * * *
 ὅτι χειμῶν λυπεῖ σ', ὅτι καυμ', ὅτι νοσσοσ ἐνοχλεῖ,
 ὅτι πεινῇ σ', ὅτι διψῶς ἐχει σὲ . . .

These words are so thoroughly capable of a Christian interpretation, that were it not for allusions to μακαρῶν νησους and ἡλυσίων πεδίων, in other parts of the inscription, we should think that they were quoted from the Bible. Those who are acquainted with the writings of Plutarch will remember, in his consolatory letter to his wife on the death of their little daughter, a hundred sentences that might fairly be quoted in a modern sermon on affliction, and no one would for a moment suspect that the sentiment was not from a Christian writer, or even a paraphrase from St. Paul's epistles. Nay, we make bold to say that a thousand sentences could be selected from Pagan writers on the subject of death and sorrow, which should absolutely put to shame a corresponding number which might be selected from the rubbish and worse than rubbish to be found in Christian graveyards, and indelibly inscribed upon the walls of Christian churches. Let us for a moment put in contrast with the exquisite quotation we have just made from an ancient Greek tombstone, the following lines, engraved on marble, let into the walls in the immediate neighbourhood of the pulpit of a church within a walk of the spot at which we are writing. Be it known that these lines were not inscribed upon the walls in the days of Popery, nor are they addressed to Mary, the Virgin Mother of our Lord, but they were erected during the ministry of a living incumbent, and are an apostrophe to the deceased wife of the writer:—

"Sweet spirit who, in loveliest mortal form,
 Didst win and wean me from the world, and charm
 My heart, my nature, every thought of mine,
 To seek its origin and end in thine:
 Who, mortal, wert to me the source and test
 Of all that dignified or truly blest
 Man's mortal nature; *deign to guard me still,*
And mould me, Mary, to thy heavenly will."

Hardly in less wretched taste than the above are the pompous notifications of the virtues of the deceased, to be found in such profusion amidst ships, cannon, muskets, flags, drums, and other paraphernalia in our great mausoleums. Elsewhere it is set forth how the "gentleman," to whose "pious and happy memory" the monument was raised, was "endowed with all those qualities which rendered him useful to and beloved by his country;" how he was "of a steady piety towards God, of an unshaken loyalty to his king, of a true English heart and affection to his religion and to the laws;" that he was "generous and faithful to his friend, hospitable to his neighbour, and bountiful to all." Of this class are those dreadful inscriptions, two feet long, in Latin, beginning, "Viro ornatissimo, doctissimo, amœnissimo," and a score more of "issimos," of which the main use would be to illustrate to some schoolboy the formation of the superlative degree "from the first case that endeth in 'i.'" Atrocious as is the poetry so popular among the poor, we are not sure that we do not prefer the following doggerel lines in another parish church to the fulsome flattery which we have described:—

"Reader, behold how vain is man,
 His day at most is but a span,
 My life on earth was pain and woe,
 Afflictions sore I did undergo,
 Praise be to God for setting me free,
 I'm now at ease from misery."

We venture thankfully to believe that a better tone is creeping over the public mind. The absolutely simple inscriptions on such monuments as General Sir C. Napier's, in the yard of the Military Chapel at Portsmouth, or that to Lord Herbert, in the chancel of his own church at Wilton, cannot but do good, by accustoming men's minds to the dignified and even majestic nature of simplicity. For models in this class of inscription we must go back to the days of primitive Christianity. We wish to see no lengthened quotations from any authors, whether Christian or otherwise. The

poet Gray exactly describes our *beau-ideal* of an inscription for a tomb:—

"His name, his years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 To teach the rustic moralist to die."

This exactly hits the point. The name and years of the deceased, and some "holy text," carefully selected from the Bible, to teach those who pass by how they ought to live, if they would die happily. This is enough. All else is mockery. We have alluded to the inscriptions which were in vogue among the early Christians. Very models are they, if texts from Scripture are not to be used, of dignified simplicity. Thus,—*"Metellæ, virgini, bene-merenti. Sepulta in pace, multis flentibus."* *"Vixeris in Christo Primo et Ultimo."* *"Marcianus, carissimæ uxori. In pace."* *"Victorina, in pace et in Christo."* Or, as a specimen of one of another kind,—*"Parcite lacrymas, marite et filie. Nefas flere cum Deo viventem."* And again—*"Prima, tibi pax;"* or—*"Gemella dormit in pace."*

Inscriptions of this kind might be supplied in thousands, and we cannot but believe that if they were better known, they would gradually remove the taste for the fulsome and the tawdry, and inoculate the public mind with the love of that touching humility, which alone can become the human soul in the presence of the grave.

As to the form of the monument itself, what can be better than that which is so universal abroad, the simple emblem of our faith, the cross on which all our hopes are suspended? Time was when the use of this emblem was regarded as superstitious and Romanizing. Happily these ideas are passing away—gradually, indeed, but certainly. We hope ere long to see every grave-yard in the kingdom adorned with this holy emblem, the type of that which is at once the only refuge of the living, and the only hope of the deceased.

THE DISBANDING CLAUSE OF THE VOLUNTEERS' BILL.

WHATEVER may be the merits in other respects of this important Bill, we cannot think that the Legislature has exercised a sound discretion in the enactment of what we will call the Disbanding Clause. The Clause to which we refer is contained in Section 21, which gives the commanding officer of a Rifle Volunteer Corps power to dismiss any member of the corps for "any sufficient cause, of the existence and sufficiency of which such commanding officer alone is to be the judge." Who, we ask, can peruse these words without agreeing with a contemporary, that, although the officer be as chivalrous as Bayard, as impartial as Aristides, as deeply penetrated with a sense of duty as Wellington himself, so irresponsible a power ought not to be intrusted to him?

On the night of the 4th inst., Sir Robert Clifton, one of the members for Nottingham, referring to this Clause, moved, after the word "cause," the omission up to and including "officer," with the view of inserting the following words:—

"Such causes respectively to be committed to writing, and communicated to the accused by the adjutant of such corps, and the existence and expediency of such causes respectively to be judged of by a court to be summoned by the commanding officer, and to consist of one captain, two subaltern officers, and two non-commissioned officers or privates of the same corps."

Sir Robert followed up his motion by stating that its object was to secure for Volunteers at least the privileges of private soldiers, by refusing to grant commanding officers the power of dismissing them without trial, and he appealed to the committee's sense of gratitude towards the Volunteers to sanction his amendment. Nothing could be more reasonable; but the liberal Marquis of Hartington defended the obnoxious Clause on the ground that the power of dismissing a private for any sufficient cause, the existence and sufficiency of such cause to be judged of by the commanding officer, was "the only power which the commanding officer possessed for the punishment of an unruly or refractory member of his corps." He declared that "all Volunteers had been enrolled under a similar clause in the Act of 1803, and consequently must have been acquainted with it." We undertake to say that not one Volunteer in a hundred, when he joined the movement, was aware of the arbitrary power to which he was subjecting himself. It is quite true, as the Marquis of Hartington suggested, that a Volunteer who considers himself improperly dismissed has the right of appeal to the Secretary of War. But the value of this appeal—not worth much under the best circumstances—may be estimated from Lord Hartington's warning that the War Office would not be inclined to meddle in an unnecessary manner

with the decisions of commanding officers. His lordship could not deny that many Volunteer commandants were opposed heart and soul to this Disbanding Clause, but he magnanimously attributed their opposition to "a desire to get rid of the responsibility which fell upon them." "The Government," he added, "was not willing that, while accepting the honour, they should evade the duty which attached to it." Lord Hartington did not attempt to say from what motive Lieut.-Colonel Luard, Deputy Inspector of Volunteers, declared before the Volunteer Commission that "this power of dismissal is a greater power than that accorded to any officer of the Army," and, moreover, that "it is a power which ought not to be in the hands of Volunteer officers." Nor is he alone in his opposition to the Clause. Lieutenant-Colonel Warde, commanding the London Rifle Brigade, condemns it as "unnecessarily great," and "liable to abuse;" and expresses his preference for a Court of Inquiry, which would strengthen the hands of the commanding officer, and put him in possession of the true facts of every case for dismissal brought before him, before he is called upon to act. The sting of this Disbanding Clause is, that the commanding officer being allowed to judge and condemn a Volunteer, his sentence, though it may be a very gross libel, becomes by this Clause a privileged communication. But all argument was thrown away upon the House; and upon a division on the Disbanding Clause, the amendment of Sir R. Clifton was lost by a large majority.

We fear that the effect of this Clause will be prejudicial to the progress of the Volunteer movement. The men who have come forward to take upon themselves, without remuneration, the defence of their country, should it be invaded, deserve, and, as far as words go, have received, the highest favour. The Legislature, we think, would have done well had it fortified their position by privileges greater than those afforded to our soldiers in the regular army. To be dismissed from the ranks of the Volunteers must be a disgrace proportioned to the honour of wearing the Volunteer's uniform. But when Parliament places the citizen soldier on a lower footing in respect of this most important privilege than the common soldier, and puts it in the power of an officer animated by dislike, or moved by caprice, or prone to rash judgment and hasty action, to dismiss a Volunteer who may be his social equal, and even superior, who shall wonder if the effect of such a law be to lessen the ardour for enlistment?

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS AT THE CITY BALL.

It is a great disappointment to find ourselves victims of our own good intentions. The loyalty of the City Corporation has already involved them in one battle royal with the Home Office, and the Ball last Monday, given by the Corporation to the Prince and his bride, has been the cause of something like a misunderstanding between the City and the Court. It appears that certain ill-advised advisers of her Majesty, remembering perhaps their own misadventure in the matter of the convict lately presented to the Prince, and fearing for the fair Princess among the savages of the unknown East, caused a requisition to be sent to the Ball Committee for a list of the expected guests. Here was a dilemma for the civic hosts. They could not but suppose that probably the list was intended to undergo the scrutinising of those great officials, whose duty in the State is to prevent the approach of plebeian vulgarity to the royal presence. If so, how would it do for the Corporation to receive back their list, revised and corrected according to Court pattern, with some luckless names scratched out? Could the invitations already issued be re-called, or could the objectionable guests receive a hint not to come? Impossible; this would be abdicating the right of the Corporation to choose its own guests. Or should the City take the responsibility of disregarding objections or revisions, and allow the Prince and Princess to meet those who might have been expressly marked as unfit for their presence? The second alternative would be worse than the first. The Committee, therefore, did exactly what they under the circumstances ought to have done, and what is said to have been the course adopted, under like circumstances, by the managers of a forthcoming Military Ball to the Royal Bride and Bridegroom. They refused to send any list at all.

It is unfortunate that the Ball Committee should have been thus placed in opposition to the officials of the Court; because although the Ball (like the ceremonial of March 7th) was got up chiefly in honour of the young pair, it was intended nearly as much as a mark of respect to the Queen herself. Had it not been for her Majesty's bereavement she herself would doubtless have been present upon both these occasions, and her presence would have afforded a legitimate and wholly sufficient protection to the Princess

against intrusion. It would have given the marriage festivities the completeness which they lacked; and our natural wish that we may soon again find the Queen resuming her proper position becomes more urgent with our perception of the inconveniences and embarrassments that arise from her absence. As matters now stand, however, until her Majesty can reconcile herself to the resumption of her public duties, those who may have the ordering of these things at Court should leave the Prince of Wales to take care of his own dignity and that of his wife. He will certainly, for his own part, not purchase the observance of a foolish piece of Court etiquette, at the price of offending those who delight to do him honour.

Again, the same day was unfortunately fixed upon for unveiling the statue of the late Prince Consort at Kensington, and for the Caledonian Ball, which was to have been under the immediate patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales. It was, however, considered that there would have been some inconsistency in passing from the ceremony of the morning, intimately connected as it was with the loss which all, and especially the Royal family, deplore, to the gaiety of the evening; accordingly, the acceptance of the invitation was recalled. This seems to have been simply one of those unfortunate coincidences that ordinary foresight cannot guard against. The day had probably been fixed, long ago, by two parties who were ignorant of each other's proceedings; but even in this case it seems to us that the secretary or Chamberlain or other officer, whose duty it is to arrange the visits and register the engagements of the Prince, ought to have perceived the impropriety of accepting both invitations for the same day. Of course it was more fit that the ball should be declined, but the refusal should have been made earlier, when much disappointment and chagrin would have been avoided.

There are numbers of well-meaning persons to whom a chance of meeting Royalty at a ball is an immense gratification. Of course, this desire is a weakness, but it is an amiable weakness, the aggregate of which, in many different forms, makes up the collective loyalty of the nation. The old wrinkled crones, who puckered up their countenances into what they intended as a pleasant smile when the Princess entered London, and saluted her with cries of "Oh, the deary, deary thing!" were acting under the influence of the same feeling which makes their betters spend weary hours, and drive through miles of mud, to stand, to be crushed, and sometimes to faint within fifty feet of Royalty at a drawing-room or a Court ball. There is no doubt that seeing their sovereign in the flesh is very gratifying to a great majority of the English people, who cannot otherwise realize the abstract idea, and might as well be citizens of a free and enlightened Republic. The right of the poorest Austrian to enter the Imperial Palace, and present his own petition to the Kaiser, is one of which the people of that country are most proud, and one which has done as much as anything to cause the abiding loyalty of the Austrian Empire. The manner in which this familiarity between King and people should be attained must evidently vary with the national manners and disposition. Louis Philippe, pottering along the Boulevards, with a battered old gingham umbrella under his arm, excited the derision of Frenchmen. King George the Third lost none of the respect or loyalty of his subjects, excepting Peter Pindar, for being Farmer George.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are successfully following the excellent example set them by their Royal mother; they are filling the void caused by her temporary retirement from the public position which the death of the Prince Consort rendered too painful for her; they for a while act in her name and on her behalf, and in that character receive the attention and homage of her Majesty's subjects; and it therefore seems to be most desirable that no less care and discretion should be bestowed by those who are charged with the duty of making the public engagements of the Prince and Princess, than if those engagements were made on behalf of the Queen herself.

STATE OF THE MONEY MARKET.

THE appearance of the money market at this moment indicates the approach of some of those changes which precede a period of panic brought on by an excess of speculative adventure. Astute economists, men like Admiral Fitzroy and Mr. Saxby, are calculating the time when the effects of financial cyclones may be avoided, and are making active preparations for hoisting the drum to warn those engaged in this kind of enterprise against impending danger. It is not in the least too early to sound the preparatory note of warning, for the public have been going so fast in the encouragement of every description of scheme, that it is a wonder the Stock Exchange has escaped so long without encountering a serious relapse. This, however, may be said to have arisen from the

miscellaneous character of the undertakings introduced, the particular circumstances under which they were organized, and the specious policy adopted in foisting the various securities upon credulous subscribers. The new banks started upon the principle of limited liability constitute the great field of danger, for though there may be one or two exceptions, in which the business obtained promises to carry them through all difficulties, the greater number must offer such inducements to secure custom that they will inevitably enter into operations attended with risk, which cannot fail to terminate in loss. The object in the majority of cases has evidently been to found the bank, not so much for business purposes as for the payment of promoters' fees and the placing of shares at a premium. And it is a consequence of this sort of initiation that while seeming to start in comparative prosperity the greater proportion of the new institutions must either make arrangements, as was done in the railway days, for amalgamation, or finally enter into a course of liquidation. The capital instead of being placed on a broad basis—a condition the most desirable in a banking establishment—has been restricted to a limited sum, in 5,000 or 10,000 shares, in order to ensure the floating of the scheme and the disbursement of preliminary expenses. This accomplished, the working up of connections and the subsequent arrangement of calls have been left to the directors and managers, who already confess the task to be onerous, owing to inordinate competition and the absence of faith in the successful development of the principle. Limited liability, good probably in the abstract, will not have a fair trial in the great banking management, because it has been fettered by the manner in which the law has been manipulated to serve the ends of the designing, who have cared only for immediate profit and not for the vitality of the system. The calls will naturally exercise great weight as they become due. Even during the last two or three months, when the rate of discount has varied between $2\frac{1}{2}$ and $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the result of these payments upon several of the banks has been clearly apparent. Look down the official list of prices, and make a comparison. The shares that stood at small or weakly premiums have, at the mere approach of the calls, gone to a discount, to sink lower still when these demands shall be repeated. What the consequence will be when the rate of money shall advance, as it must steadily do, to five and six per cent. can be readily inferred by those who have experience in these matters. The other companies will have to struggle as they best can; they may resort to voluntary liquidation, or drop helpless and effete into the rapacious jaws of Chancery, to undergo a process of inquiry most tedious to all concerned. If they survive the reaction, so much the better; if not, the sacrifice, except in an isolated case, will scarcely be serious. It is the banks that will produce the mischief, and to the progress of these attention must be steadfastly directed. In order to avert any apprehended calamity it will be the duty of those associated with unlimited or limited institutions, if they see any doubtful symptoms in a particular quarter, to investigate and ascertain whether measures cannot be taken to prevent a collapse by the transfer of the business and an adjustment, such as will meet the exigencies of the occasion. Only in this manner will it be possible to prevent the ruin which must ensue from the gradual depreciation in the shares of many of the limited liability banks likely in the next three or four months to take place.

The circumstances which fostered the late speculation—viz., the disruption of commercial relations with America, and the general accumulation of capital, would, it was long since felt, be productive of a state of things which sooner or later must terminate in disaster. An over-abundant supply of capital, and money at low rates seeking employment, were the very elements required to inaugurate a mania. It only remained for projectors or promoters to introduce a class of enterprise to hit the popular fancy; and it was perfectly certain that the time was ripe for the change. At this very juncture, to add fresh fuel to the fire, bankers and capitalists, disgusted with the current of events on the other side of the Atlantic, realized their investments in Federal stocks and first-class American railway securities. Remittances to the extent of millions sterling, the result of these sales, arrived to increase the already plethoric resources of the general money market, thus stimulating the fever heat pervading the neighbourhood of Bartholomew-lane and Capel-court. These funds were not only absorbed in the several loans which were brought out about that date, but they assisted in sustaining the impetus to enterprise of a miscellaneous character. This great exchange of securities—for such it was, in every sense of the word—the proceeds of American stocks and shares saved from the wreck of the New York market being placed in others of scarcely more intrinsic value—was accomplished with very little bustle or excitement. The parties to the movement hardly imagined that they were pursuing so desperate a game, the rose-coloured tint of loan and share allotments at a premium virtually blinding them to ulterior consequences. But we are now arriving at one of those great points in the financial drama, where the characters upon the scene will be compelled to undergo those mutations which, if due care be not exercised, may bring down the curtain amidst cries of misery and despair. The money and stock-markets have been filled to repletion with new securities, most of them of doubtful value,—to such an extent, indeed, that if new and sound enterprises are now announced, the public have become so satiated that they will scarcely touch them,—so that the days of the mania may be considered almost at an end. Meanwhile capital has been sucked up in numberless channels—partly in undertakings that will never pay; partly in companies that will take years to mature; partly in pro-

jects which have fallen through. The "tightening" process, as it is technically termed in Lombard-street, is gradually advancing; and the increase of engagements, with the salutary fear inspired of what may arise, if the leading-strings of speculation are not kept in check, will tend more than ever to support bankers and brokers in maintaining a strict command over their resources. They have not now the same facilities as they possessed four or five years ago when they could run to the Bank for advances. Messrs. Overend, Gurney, & Co., Messrs. Alexander & Co., and the other important financial "institutions" have to regulate their means according to their necessities, and can procure no extraneous aid as in former periods. And what this comes to in an epoch of monetary pressure is well understood to be as near as possible a dead lock, for those individuals who do not rank A 1 and who have not available the best and most tangible securities. Even with the recent changes in banking and financial circles, much alteration has followed in the system of first class discounting business. It is said that there ought to be greater facilities because of the existence of an increased number of discount establishments, public and private, and of the desire among them to secure an enlarged *clientele*. In addition to Overend, Gurney, & Co. and Alexander & Co., there are the National Discount and the Joint Stock Discount Companies. Sanderson & Co. do not continue in their old firm, having been split into two sections by the starting of F. Sanderson & Co.; and Bruce & Co. is sustained by the Sons. Weston & Laurie represent an important branch—the Manchester warehousemen; Brightman & Gillet spring out of the defunct London Discount Company, and others exist, second and third rate to these. But, numerous as such establishments are, and important as is the accumulated wealth they have in their control, their fixed principle of action is first to look after themselves and then attend to the wants of the public. In following out this course they are perfectly right, since in perilous periods, if they did not pursue prudential measures, they might soon be involved disastrously, and injure both themselves and the mass of the financial community who entrust them with deposits.

The signs which are faintly, but every day, becoming more distinctly visible in what our Yankee neighbours describe as the "fiscal firmament," show that most of the bankers and brokers are looking with anxiety towards the autumn. We shall be presently experiencing the influences of the weather, harvest prospects, and their definite results exercising due effect upon the value of money. With caution in the discount circles of Lombard-street, and forced pressure of paper upon the Bank for negotiation, the quotation must rise, and it will require the nicest possible management to prevent a point being attained which shall not create a very serious strain. Contingencies of the most startling character are mixed up with the present condition of the money-market, and if one or two of these should intervene, the whole order of affairs must be revolutionized, much to the discomfort of those who may in the slightest degree be overburdened with pecuniary engagements. It is now found that it does not require the transfer of a large volume of capital to occasion a rise in the rate, as it did previously to the crisis of 1857; and on the exhibition of the slightest alarm, as has recently been perceived, it is difficult to procure assistance except under the most disadvantageous arrangements. Two events have only to occur, separately or in conjunction, to entail a series of frightful disasters; and for these everyone should be fully prepared. The first is a break up of the speculative mania, which cannot be far distant; the other is the termination of the fratricidal struggle now waging in America. The latter would greatly precipitate the former if it were to take place at an early date; if not, the winter of the present year will, it is believed, put an end to the mania of speculation.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE WATER-BABIES.*

It is significant of the author and of the school to which he belongs, that Mr. Kingsley cannot give us a pleasant and clever book for children without putting himself all through it in an attitude of general defiance towards that large portion of the world which thinks Mr. Kingsley a very agreeable and imaginative writer, but which might not, perhaps, be prepared to say that he is the greatest thinker of his age on political economy, on politics, or even on philosophy. Every now and then Mr. Kingsley comes out from his study before the world, but it is always with that particular jovial expression of oneness which is so common to Muscular Christianity. What is there in intellect, Mr. Kingsley appears always to be gratuitously remarking, comparable to children and ladies, and Cambridge undergraduates and working men? Accordingly, "The Water-Babies" is prefaced by a little poem, addressed, we presume, to the intellectual and religious universe, and designed to tell us that Mr. Kingsley pities intellect and prefers the society of water-babies:—

"Hence, unbelieving Sadducees,
And less believing Pharisees!
With dull conventionalities,
And leave a country muse at ease,
To play at leapfrog if she please,
With children and realities."

* The Water-Babies. A Fairy Tale for a Land Baby. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. Macmillan. 1863.

We do not know exactly who are represented here by the unbelieving Sadducees, unless it be those who make it their habit not to hear, or, when heard, to dismiss from their minds voices from Wessex concerning Lancashire, and Mr. Ruskin on political economy and politics. The Pharisees are more intelligible, and we shall leave them to their fate. As, however, want of credulity is not usually supposed to be the leading characteristic of that body, we presume that "less believing" must here again be interpreted to mean believing less in Mr. Kingsley. But it is a rather remarkable thing that Mr. Kingsley in these lines seems to be afraid that the world is going to object to his doing that very thing for which we shall all allow he is most eminently fitted. If the country muse would only keep to playing at leapfrog with children and "realities"—whatever that may mean—nobody would say a word; and Sadducees and Pharisees would alike acknowledge that Mr. Kingsley was faultless. It is when he comes to deal with "dull conventionalities," by which we suppose he means things in general, and the laws of labour, and politics, and metaphysics, that we object to leapfrog, and what Mr. Kingsley is pleased to call the country muse. Leapfrog is an admirable amusement in its place. What stings Mr. Kingsley in reality is not that anybody minds his playing leapfrog with water-babies, but his playing leapfrog (as he calls it) with more important questions. It is natural that an author of so healthy a temperament should dislike finding that sensible people do not care to have matters which are matters of pure reasoning and common sense, settled on all occasions summarily by Mr. Kingsley and his friends in a spirit of jovial uproar. But he has no right to betake himself with an air of sulkeness to a fairy tale, as if we did not admire him when he comes to fairy tales, or as if this world's Sadducees ill-used him by refusing to allow him to talk nonsense on subjects where nonsense is both ludicrous and pernicious. Mr. Kingsley is not an ill-used man. His vigorous morality, his able writing, and his imaginative power, give him a great influence over a number of people who may not be very clever, but whom it is a decided credit to be able to influence for good. He has no business to expect to be allowed to lay down the law on social government or philosophy, simply because he is a pleasant writer of poetry and a most admirable novelist, and a well informed companion. In purely intellectual matters the *ipse dixit* of the most accomplished Muscular Christian is worth just its intrinsic value and no more.

We allude to this tone of oracular irony towards the world which Mr. Kingsley assumes, not only because it is a habit that seems to be very catching among his imitators, but because it is so intensely ludicrous in the eyes of bystanders. It is absolutely comical to listen to the way in which some of the followers of the Muscular Christian leaders begin to speak of the learning and philosophy of the world. Just as Mr. Maurice's favourite way of disconcerting an opponent is to tell him "that there is much good in him, and that unconsciously he is saying what has a great deal of truth in it if he only knew it;" it is the fashion among his admirers to regard intellectual people as curiously perverted beings, who, however, under the ripening influences of religion, might be turned into something useful. "After all"—Mr. Kingsley would probably say—"After all there is more in Aristotle than Aristotle really knew himself." This is the tone he actually adopts in the *Water-Babies*, to decide the difference between Locke and Plato,—

"Ah, you dear little Ellie, fresh out of Heaven! When will people understand that one of the deepest and wisest speeches which can come out of a human mouth is that 'It is so beautiful that it must be true?' Not till they give up believing that Mr. John Locke (good man and honest though he was) was the wisest man that ever lived on earth; and recollect that a wiser man than he lived long before him; and that his name was Plato, son of Ariston."

It is difficult to imagine a more absurd sight than that of an excellent Cambridge clergyman, in an off-hand way and by a kind of side blow, settling for ever all the metaphysical questions of the world in favour of what he imagines to be Platonism, and making excuses for Locke's weakness of head on the ground that he was a good and honest man. Does Mr. Kingsley seriously think that a book for children is improved by this nonsense? If he does, he is no doubt quite wise in wishing Sadducees and Pharisees alike to stand aside and not to look at him while he is engaged in the Christian and charitable task of apologizing for Locke's intellectual errors. Mr. Kingsley reminds us of an aged and aristocratic lady who, on a recent occasion, was brought into contact with one of the leading thinkers of the day. "My dear," said she on her return, "I have been talking to —, and I see now that it is his head and not his heart that is at fault." Mr. Kingsley, with equal charity, having shown his own clearness of conception by informing us sententiously that Beauty and Truth are co-extensive, and that Plato thought so, pats Locke on the back and tells us that Locke's errors are errors not of heart but of head. *Ridete domi quicquid est cachinnorum.*

We do not propose to enter into a learned argument with so profound a metaphysician as to whether "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty," as the poet says; nor if we did, would it lead to any more "deep or wise" conclusion than that people who choose to employ a particular term in a sense which is not its every day use, have a right to do so, and to make the most they can of the valuable privilege. We prefer—subject to the above protest—to take Mr. Kingsley on his own terms, to lay aside the Sadducee, to put on for the nonce whatever dress he pleases, and to express our thorough admiration of the less "profound" portion of the "*Water-Babies*." As a somewhat fanciful describer of nature, Mr. Kingsley is quite

unequaled; and the "*Water-Babies*" is—with the exceptions to which we have alluded above—a model of the kind. In fun, in humour, and in innocent imagination as a child's book, we do not know its equal. The plot is capital, and from first to last there is a spirit and a finish about the volume that is of great literary merit. It is a very hard thing to write a good child's book, as it is a very hard thing to play with children. Mr. Kingsley accomplishes the task almost to perfection, and only falls short of the ideal in those passages where he makes play with the children in order to give a little moral lecture to those who look on. Everybody knows how clever young ladies tell stories to little boys and girls when people are listening to them from the other end of the room. Each shakes her curls a little more than is natural, is a trifle more satirical than is absolutely essential, puts in clever little allusions which are above her boyish audience, and perhaps may be detected every now and then casting a furtive glance towards the elderly circle near, to see if her powers of playing with children are properly appreciated. Mr. Kingsley, in like manner, is a little too conscious of his grown-up audience. The country muse overdoes by the faintest degree in the world the shaking of her curls. We know that she knows that we are watching her, and her artlessness has now and then a touch of artificiality and of intentional *bonhomie*. It is all very well telling us to let her alone, and not to notice her when she is playing happily. We are continually reminded in the book how evident it is that Mr. Kingsley expects some of us to stand by while he is at play. It is not indeed as if the excellent Professor of History was playing by himself. When so accomplished a prophet takes to so innocent a recreation, Muscular Christianity at large accompanies him. It is all very well pretending not to see that he is seen. Mr. Kingsley feels, and feels truly, that all the Cambridge undergraduates, and the young muscular clergymen throughout the kingdom, are running up the bank beside him, while he is rowing along so gracefully in his boat. Not look at him! Even if he did not look at him, he has a jovial and attentive audience of whom he may say, *Pernocet nobiscum, peregrinatur, rusticatur*. We will not say that, like Pompey, he enjoys the applause of his own theatre. But, perhaps, the position in which he stands accounts for that tinge of dogmatism (we do not want to call it vanity) and that missionary flavour of moral earnestness which we can hardly believe meant for a juvenile public, and which lessen, though in an infinitesimal degree, the literary value of the "*Water-Babies*."

Those, however, who care for real innocent humour, and a keen and picturesque description of the wonders of English scenery, will enjoy them from first to last of the book. Few writers can compare with Mr. Kingsley in his power of genial descriptions of the kind; and Tom among the water-babies is not only as pretty a piece of imaginative writing as has been written for a long time, but is full of pictures of minute nature, the beauty of which cannot be praised too much. The following is a fair specimen of the kind, and clearly proves that Mr. Kingsley's touch is as perfect in this respect as that of Hans Andersen, and that it is in his power, if he chooses, to give us a series of fanciful tales fully equal, if not superior, to that writer himself:—

"He saw great spiders there, with crowns and crosses marked on their backs, who sat in the middle of their webs, and when they saw Tom coming, shook them so fast that they became invisible. Then he saw lizards, brown and grey and green, and thought they were snakes, and would sting him; but they were as much frightened as he, and shot away into the heath. And then, under a rock, he saw a pretty sight—a great brown sharp-nosed creature, with a white tag to her brush, and, round her, four or five smutty little cubs, the funniest fellows Tom ever saw. She lay on her back, rolling about, and stretching out her legs and head and tail in the bright sunshine; and the cubs jumped over her, and ran round her, and nibbled her paws, and lugged her about by the tail; and she seemed to enjoy it mightily. But one selfish little fellow stole away from the rest to a dead crow close by, and dragged it off to hide it, though it was nearly as big as he was. Whereat all his little brothers set off after him in full cry, and saw Tom; and then all ran back, and up jumped Mrs. Vixen, and caught one up in her mouth, and the rest toddled after her, and into a dark crack in the rocks; and there was an end of the show."

"And next he had a fright; for as he scrambled up a sandy brow—Whirr—poof—poof—cock—cock—kick—something went off in his face, with a horrid noise. He thought the ground had blown up, and the end of the world come."

"And when he opened his eyes (for he shut them very tight), it was only an old cock-grouse, who had been washing himself in sand, like an Arab, for want of water; and who, when Tom had all but trodden on him, jumped up, with a noise like the express train, leaving his wife and children to shift for themselves, like an old coward, and went off screaming—'Cur-ru-u-uck, cur-ru-u-uck—murder, thieves, fire—cur-u-uck-cock-kick—the end of the world is come—kick, kick, cock, kick—' He was always fancying that the end of the world was come when anything happened that was farther off than the end of his own nose. But the end of the world was not come, any more than the 12th of August was; though the old grouse cock was quite certain of it."

"So the old grouse came back to his wife and family an hour afterwards, and said solemnly—'Cock, cock, kick; my dears, the end of the world is not quite come; but I assure you it is coming the day after to-morrow—cock.' But his wife had heard that so often, that she knew all about it, and a little more. And besides, she was the mother of a family, and had seven little poultas to wash and feed every day; and that made her very practical, and a little sharp-tempered; so all she answered was—'Kick-kick-kick—go and catch spiders, go and catch spiders—kick.'"

UP AND DOWN IN THE WORLD.*

MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD would have done well if he had told this, his latest story, within the modest limits of a single volume; for, though he is not exactly in the position of the needy knife-grinder, the tale he has to tell is so threadbare and simple, that it might easily be told in a dozen pages of a magazine. Nor has he spun out the narrative by elaborating the characters engaged in it, for with one or two exceptions, though the reader is so constantly seeing them and hearing them speak, they leave behind no impression of that marked individuality by the creation of which Mr. Thackeray, as an instance, knows so well how to compensate for the absence of plot or startling incident. Yet "Up and Down in the World" is evidently the work of a clever man; it exhibits many quiet touches of nature, and much earnest writing—indeed "something too much of this"—and, though it may not compete for popularity with many of the sensation novels of the day, it certainly supplies more healthful reading. The great mistake is that the story should have been so "long drawn out," and that nearly a volume of the work should be devoted to a series of leading articles, the only purpose of which is to stop the narrative, swell the bulk of the book, and give the author an opportunity, through the mouth of Mr. Mark Semple, a philanthropist, of expressing his opinions on a wearisome number of social questions. This is not the province of a novelist, and the cleverest writer of fiction will never succeed in making such writing popular in novels.

Will any philosopher ever endeavour to trace the relationship that exists between literature and pale ale, and determine what effect the latter had upon the former in the Victorian era? Since Mr. George Warrington and Mr. Arthur Pendennis were discovered in chambers in the Temple writing for the booksellers, smoking before breakfast, and drinking bitter beer out of pewter, it seems it would be impossible for a novelist to sketch the character of a young literary man without giving him lodgings in the Temple and suckling him on pale ale, with tobacco and late hours at caves of harmony as additional stimulants to good writing. He must mix with all kinds of Bohemians, rich and poor; and the reader's sympathy is generally sought for the whole fraternity because they drink out of the same cup, smoke from the same pouch of tobacco, call the old woman who waits upon them and steals their brandy "the griffin" or "the dragon," and salute each other as "old boy," though a lord, who is always one half coxcomb and the other half fool, should be one of the merry company. We do not profess to know whether this kind of writing truly holds the mirror up to nature; but it is doubtless believed to do so by many people, and Mr. Jerrold is one of them. He begins by crowding his pages with respectable Bohemians, and their sayings and doings, though far from being remarkable or elevating, form, on the whole, perhaps the cleverest and most readable portions of the book. There are Mr. Namby, who has written a burlesque of "Hamlet," in which Ophelia brings an action against the Prince for breach of promise of marriage, and a travesty of Milton, which he has entitled "Comb-us"; Henry Faversham, somewhat of a swell, and with a good deal of family pride which he would find it difficult to account for; Mr. John Ashby, who, as far as the story is concerned, seems to have been born chiefly for the purpose of introducing Faversham to his sister; and Mr. Clifton, the serious man of the party, and whom the author has punished for his sins by condemning him to listen to most of those windy essays by Mr. Mark Semple to which we have already referred. Mr. Namby has got little to do besides "talking comic," borrowing five shillings, and taking his share of the beer; but Faversham and Clifton have to go through the process of courtship and marriage, and consequently become important personages in the narrative. Indeed, three marriages are solemnized in the course of the novel, and at the end Mr. Jerrold threatens to allow Mr. Mark Semple to marry Miss Victoria Ashby, who, so far as we can see, is a very good girl, and certainly does not deserve such a punishment. Henry Faversham, being a frivolous man, is conquered by the charms of Miss Araminta Ashby, a little saint, who attends missionary meetings, has an unconquerable objection to cards and theatres, and regards the Temple, and all the young men in it, as being very wicked indeed. Clifton, as a serious man, falls in love with the dashing Clara Faversham, who ridicules his manners and his conversation, distracts him by her open flirtations with other men, spurns his advances, and finally marries him and settles down as a quiet wife. The characters of these ladies are the best drawn in the book; and though they have little else to do than to be courted and wed, Mr. Jerrold has succeeded in making them interesting.

This is fully one half of the story that the author of "Up and Down in the World" has to tell. The other half is nearly as simple, if not quite so probable. There is one serious drawback to Henry Faversham's family pride. He is in the position of the mule that was always boasting about its father, till a good-natured friend happened to ask it one day for some little information about its mother. Faversham's mother is dead, and her children have never been allowed to learn who she was before she became Mrs. Faversham. Here the philanthropic Mr. Semple steps in, and, after talking himself hoarse about things in general, clears up the mystery, such as it is, and ends the story. In the course of his benevolent wanderings about London, he visits a miserable locality called Tumbledown Court, where a disreputable pair, named

Garbidge, have had a son born to them. However, they are not married, and when the woman dies the father deserts the boy, who becomes a pickpocket and a gaol-bird at a very early age, and promises to go headlong to utter ruin. It is known in Tumbledown-court that they were not married, and that the mother's name was Spawn; and it is whispered that her previous life had not been altogether in keeping with that which she had led in Tumbledown-court. Upon this hint, Mr. Semple, who has become the protector of little Jack Spawn, ultimately proceeds to act. He has made serious efforts to reform the lad, and finally apprentices him to a tailor, but the lad falls ill and is taken to his benefactor's house to die. It is about this time Semple hears that there is a family of the name of Spawn living in a county, which Mr. Jerrold styles Saxonshire, and not very far from the home of the Favershams. Into Saxonshire the benevolent man goes, and while he is there making inquiries old Mr. Faversham dies, without satisfying his children's curiosity about their mother. Semple, however, discovers a farmer of the name of Spawn, who after some beating about the bush, discloses the "secret," without which no novel now-a-days could be written. The Mrs. Garbidge of Tumbledown-court was the runaway wife of Spawn and the sister of Mrs. Faversham, and Spawn had been induced to marry her, for a money consideration, by a baronet who had seduced her, and who plays an unimportant part in the novel as Sir Henry Fitzacre. This, then, is the blot on the Faversham escutcheon, and why the magnificent Henry and the brilliant Clara were not allowed to learn who their mother was.

Putting aside all consideration of the improbability that the younger Favershams should live so long within twenty miles of their aunt's husband, without discovering the relationship, one cannot help asking whether the problem was of sufficient interest and importance to call for solution. Its solution leads to nowhere, and comes too late to serve any purpose whatever beyond abating the not very extravagant pride of young Faversham. Still there is good writing in the work, and if the author had written it in one volume instead of three, we should have had to speak of his performance in a much more congratulatory spirit. The long, set speeches of Mr. Mark Semple, especially, might be profitably struck out bodily, for not all his benevolence can excuse his verbosity.

THE ROMANCE OF JEHAN DE SAINTRE.*

We have seldom read anything more candid than the first sentences of Mr. Vance's introduction:—

"As few things would appear to me to be more discreditable, or, in the long run, more shortsighted, than for any man who has earned to himself some little reputation for taste and judgment, simply to attain some temporary end, deliberately to prostitute, or trifle with the same, I shall very candidly avow to the reader, had the translation of *Saintre* to be entered on afresh, it is not by any means a thing certain that I had been the effector of the same. However if, when undertaken, surprised out of a more wonted wariness by the unexpected richness of a part, I may have been prevailed upon to look somewhat too good-naturedly on the work as a whole, it is still possible, envisaging it under all the apathy and reaction inevitable to the subsidence of a somewhat heightened enthusiasm, that I may now be allowing myself to think a little too hardly of it. It is, if not with the expectation, at least the hope, that the latter impression may prove to be the more grounded of the two, that it is now submitted to the public."

The idea here conveyed, in a style disfigured by unpleasant affectations, is that Mr. Vance, during the progress of his undertaking, has been harassed with doubts as to whether the game was really worth the candle, and at the last has hardly recovered from these doubts. So far as our opinion is of any value, Mr. Vance may dismiss his uneasy feeling. It is, indeed, without our province, as it is beyond our ability, to foretell whether or no this book will be, in the common sense of the word, a success; but we can confidently say that the romance of "*Saintre*" deserved to be translated, and we are glad to be able to add that Mr. Vance has translated it well. We do not, however, fancy that Mr. Vance stands in great need of consolation at our hands. His doubts cannot have been very deeply seated, for in the very next page, after the expression of them which we have quoted, we find him calling "*Saintre*" "a very remarkable work," and lauding it as "the '*Waverley*,' and even more than the '*Waverley*' of a comparatively unlettered age;" and we are favoured with the prediction that "few will come to the last page of this romance with other feelings than those of regret and surprise." The doubts now appear to have been dispelled by the *amor studii* very completely—far more completely, we think, than the facts can justify. "*Saintre*" is a remarkable book, and in some respects an instructive one; but to speak of it in such terms as these is to use the language of exaggerated praise.

The French romance of "*Little Jehan de Saintre*" was written in the year 1459, by a certain Antoine de la Salles, a gentleman of condition, probably attached to the Court of Lorraine. It professes to narrate events which occurred "in the time of King John of France, the eldest son of Philip de Valois;" but commentators hold that many of the adventures of *Saintre* must rather be attributed to the reign of Charles VI. The plot of the romance is simple: A great lady of the court, called the Lady of the Fair Cousins,

* Up and Down in the World. By Blanchard Jerrold. Three volumes. London: Skeet.

* The History and Pleasant Chronicle of Little Jehan de Saintre, and of the Lady of the Fair Cousins; together with the Book of the Knight of the Tower, Landry; both now done into English. By Alexander Vance. London: Chapman & Hall, 193, Piccadilly.

takes a fancy to a page. Having done so, her first step is to demand the name of the lady whom the boy loves *par amours*. A denial that he loves any one, a statement that he loves a girl of ten years old, are treated with equal contempt; and the page is instructed how, by loving some mature and sensible woman, he may learn to avoid all manner of evil. Pride, anger, envy, sloth, gluttony, will flee from him; and as to incontinence—well, in the mean time, that had best be avoided also. But as the youth advances in wisdom and in years, he gathers from the same fair teacher that the worship of the *vaga Venus* was indeed to be eschewed; but that the worship of one idol, and especially of the Lady of the Fair Cousins, was in all respects worthy of the perfect knight. Le Petit Saintré is certainly lectured most unmercifully; but he finds compensation in court promotion and liberal supplies of money. When lectures, money, years, and prowess have advanced him sufficiently in the path of chivalry, he goes forth to seek adventures which may render him worthy of his lady's favour. In romance, he who seeks adventures always finds them, and finds them to his enemy's cost and his own great renown. Accordingly, Saintré returns covered with glory, and finds his mistress not slow to reward him. But "pleasures are like poppies spread"—a stalwart abbot supplants the accomplished knight; and the book ends with recording how Saintré repaid the insults heaped upon him by the licentious priest and his faithless lady-love.

It is quite plain that this sort of thing cannot in itself be very interesting or very amusing. It is, perhaps, occasionally comical; but it never commands interest at all. The *amor studii* has led Mr. Vance far astray when he compares De la Salles to Scott, and equals "Saintré" with "Waverley." He is much nearer the truth when he likens it to the "Grammont Memoirs." There is nothing in it worthy the name of a plot; there is nothing approaching to delineation of character. The chief value of the romance, and of "The Book of the Knight of the Tower," which accompanies it, consists in the picture they present to us of the manners and customs of the days of chivalry. Mr. Vance, however, does not admit the truth of this picture. In fact, the representation is not a flattering one, and Mr. Vance, concerned for the honour of his favourite middle ages, labours to impugn its accuracy. We are constrained to say that he labours with more zeal than success. It is idle to deny that, as a general rule, the light literature of a period reflects the morals of that period; for the sole aim of such literature is popularity, and popularity can never be hoped for unless the modes of thinking of those among whom it is sought be observed. And this general rule applies with peculiar force to the romancers and troubadours of the middle ages. These men were not, strictly speaking, writers of fiction; fiction was then in its infancy. As we have already said, fiction, even when most elaborated, must reflect the manners of the time; but it must especially do so when it is but beginning; when the art of fiction is not yet understood; and when writers have not advanced further than to throw into songs and stories what they see going on around them. Such was the judgment of no mean authority—Sir Walter Scott. In a note to the essay on chivalry, he says:—

"We may here observe, once for all, that we have no hesitation in quoting the romances of chivalry as good evidence of the laws and customs of knighthood. The authors, like the painters of the period, invented nothing, but, copying the manners of the age in which they lived, transferred them, without doubt or scruple, to the period and personages of whom they treated. But the romance of Jehan de Saintré is still more authentic evidence, as it is supposed to contain no small measure of fact, though disguised and distorted."

Mr. Vance, zealous for the purity of knighthood, not only denies that the literature of the Middle Ages truly represents their morality, but denies further that the said literature is really objectionable. Coarseness, indeed, he admits; but he maintains that it was only the coarseness of out-spoken simplicity. Now it is certainly true that, in a question of mere expression, morality is not concerned at all. Whether a spade shall be boldly called a spade, or shall be referred to by some more refined circumlocution, is a thing of no moment whatever. It is a matter of fashion, and nothing more. But in the romances of the Middle Ages there is much beyond this. There is not only coarseness of language, but also grossness of description, and licentiousness of idea. Their comic tales are uniformly indelicate. Not to go beyond our own literature, what does Mr. Vance say to the "Canterbury Tales?" Must it not have been rather an odd state of society in which the miller's tale was thought a fit story for the ears of the prioress and her votaries? And even their most exalted romances, while they preserved decorum, did not greatly regard virtue. In Amadis de Gaul female chastity is held a thing of no account; and the denunciation of Ascham against the romances of the Round Table, that "little was to be learned from them but examples of homicide and adultery," is hardly too severe. Nay, in the very book before us, not the largest charity could recognize any trace of sentiment in the lady's intrigue with a big brawny abbot, or, in fact, see anything else in it but extreme indecency, and not a little profanity. Occasionally, indeed, even Mr. Vance has found the "simplicity" of Saintré too much for him. At the head of more than one chapter the reader finds a warning that what follows must not be read aloud, and some chapters are, on the score of impropriety, omitted altogether. We must say that we object to this latter expedient heartily. No amount of Bowdlerizing can ever make this book suitable for a drawing-room table, or improving reading for young ladies. And this being so, the process had better have been left alone altogether. A reader, even though not exceedingly partial to the

improper, is rather provoked when he finds two chapters omitted, and is told at the same time that "anything to equal the credulity, the simplicity, the richness, the *naïveté* of this and the following chapter I seldom recollect to have encountered. In them our knight has completely outdone himself." And the disappointed reader is the more indignant at losing all this richness and *naïveté* when he reflects that the "simplicity"—which appears to be Mr. Vance's euphonism for indecency—cannot possibly be worse than the grossness of the scenes in the intrigue with the abbot through which he has been condemned to toil.

To exalt the Middle Ages, in the language of Mr. Vance, is as great an historical mistake as to deny them utterly. Of political virtues, in the proper sense of the word, they were destitute. The feudal system did not afford scope for the exercise of such virtues. As regards the morality of these times—with which we are at present more immediately concerned—we can hardly say more than this, that while the highest moral qualities were often displayed, the eventual tendency of the institutions of chivalry was to lower the moral tone. The very fact that the knightly virtues were so overstrained led to a sad falling off in action. The surest way to foster vice is to put virtue so high as to be unattainable. Celibacy induced profligacy among the clergy, and so the highflown devotion of the chivalrous lover generally ended in licentiousness. It would be too much to say with Lord Byron, that "the good old times were the most profligate of all possible centuries;" yet, in the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, no unfriendly censor, "we have too much occasion to remark that the devotion of the knights often degenerated into superstition, their love into licentiousness, their spirit of loyalty or of freedom into tyranny and turmoil, their generosity and gallantry into hare-brained madness and absurdity."

If, with Mr. Vance, we were to judge the romance of Saintré purely by its merits as a story, we should feel that the labour of the translator had been thrown away. But differing with him on this, and thinking that from such romances valuable information is to be gathered, we feel that his labour has been not unprofitably spent, and that every student of history will be glad to have this book brought before him in such a convenient and readable form.

A NORSEMAN'S VIEWS OF BRITAIN.*

To see ourselves as others see us is a privilege we can only enjoy by hearing what they have to say of us. And considering the part which England has played in the history of Europe, and that she has so much that is enviable and peculiar to herself beyond the lot of other nations, it cannot surprise us if the judgments passed upon her are numerous, and not always as flattering as her people could desire. Still we have a sufficiently good opinion of ourselves not to be much perturbed by the criticism of our neighbours. If there is envy at the bottom of it we regard it as a tribute to our superiority. If it really probes some of our weak points we know that we have already discovered them ourselves. The author of the book before us tells us nothing new when he says that we have an extraordinary reverence for rank and for money. We are quite as alive to our weakness on both these points as he is. But we see what he does not, that to both there is a bright as well as a dark side. If our first question with regard to any undertaking is, "Will it pay?" that is the natural result of our being a commercial people; and our being such is the result of our energy, our enterprise, and our love for the pursuits of peace. Again, in our reverence for rank, we have a guarantee against the excesses of democracy. It is curious that Mr. Vinje, who seems to have been at some pains to form a conscientious estimate of English society, does not give us the benefit of this argument, to which he is not blind. At page 18, he speaks of the failure of the oldest of our colonies, and prophesies the same result for our later ones. "The same transfer," he says, "of English customs and institutions must inevitably lead to Yankee results without English feudalism as a counterpoise." Yet to this feudalism, by which he means principally the respect paid in England to old or illustrious descent, he seems to attribute all the evils which exist amongst us. It is guilty of highland clearances, of the poverty of our agricultural labourers, of corruption at elections, of deaths from starvation, child-murder, and capital punishment.

Mr. Vinje says truly, "a mob cannot govern." We see its handiwork in the United States; and with such a picture before us it is natural we should tolerate the evils of our own system, when we consider the fate from which they shield us. The power of an aristocracy of birth, will entail many abuses. We shall have statesmen at times who are unfit for their work; an abuse of patronage; the promotion of family connections in preference to men of merit. But we have to qualify this aristocracy another, made of intellect. Mr. Vinje gives us very little credit for the power of literature and the press in restraining the power of the upper classes. He says nothing at all about our right of public meeting, and the influence they exercise on Parliament and society. He sees only a servile devotion of the whole country to what he calls "the old breeds." Even Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden wear the yoke of this servitude. He tells us that their position has always struck him as very ludicrous. "They are," he says, "like the characters one meets with in old comedies and tales, who boastingly assert that they are not afraid of ghosts, but are all the

* A Norseman's Views of Britain and the British. By A. O. Vinje, Advocate before the High Courts of Justice, Christiansa. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

while in a tremble, and praying fervently. But even if such men did not shake, they are, nevertheless, not the men to throw down the gauntlet to old time-worn prejudices." Nothing could be more unhappy than this statement, except Mr. Vinje's choice of these gentlemen, to prove that there is no such thing as "freedom of thought or of action amongst the British politicians."

It is, however, due to him to say that his errors are those of judgment. He has no hatred for the British. While he is amused at the grave business-like manner in which they inspect their cattle-shows, he testifies to their open kind-heartedness, and compliments their roast beef with having relieved him of some of his wrinkles. "The British," he says, "are really a good race." But his preference is for the North Britons:—

"It seems to me a fact, that Scotchmen are more enterprising than Englishmen, even in emigration. They are always to be found among the explorers and leading men of distant colonies. The jealousies existing between Scotchmen and Englishmen, and the remnants of their old national hatred, ought to make a foreigner chary of relying upon either of them, when judging of each other. We and the Swedes are much better friends than they are. I have, therefore, independently endeavoured to form my opinion of the mutual relations between them, and have come to the conclusion that the Scots are the superior people. The more mountainous country is sufficient to account for this; besides, the popular education is much better in Scotland than in England, if the Lord Advocate is to be relied upon. In a speech at Glasgow, he said: 'We had an act of 1616, which provided that there should be a school in every parish in the kingdom—a thing which the English have never accomplished, but which was established in this country in what has been called a barbarous age.' My own experience, and that of other foreigners I have spoken with, certainly convinces me that the Scottish population, as a whole, stands intellectually higher than that of England. But such fleeting experiences are often very fallacious. True it is, indeed, that Englishmen are rather prone to carry with them English peculiarities wherever they go round the globe, whereas Scotsmen can more easily divest themselves of such peculiarities. And this, I should think, is a good proof of superior intellect and education."

Some portion of this preference may be owing to the resemblance which Mr. Vinje perceived between the Scotch and the Scandinavian tribes, and the resemblance of the Scottish cities to the Norse towns. The militia he thought the finest he ever saw. Here and there we have amusing instances of his prejudice against our aristocracy. "The upper classes lash themselves literally into a soap rage." They are by no means so good-looking as the members of the middle class. They are disfigured by debauch; and the "west-end noses" must yield the palm to many which he saw in the city, and even in the vicinity of the London Dock. He was greatly scandalized at the cheers, hisses, and clamour, which he heard at public meetings and lectures, by which, he says, "you might almost fancy you had got, by some mistake, into the midst of a drunken rabble."

"I went, for example, to the famous university of Edinburgh to hear the inaugural speech of Principal Brewster. In no theatre did I ever hear such noises, or witness such behaviour. There was, of course, a comparative lull during prayer, and when the reverend Principal spoke. But even then the amusements of the audience were anything but sad. There was hissing, and shouting, and throwing of peas and herrings, and waving of hats and sticks, producing on all sides of me a noise that was deafening. It was difficult for me, under such circumstances, to realize the fact that I was sitting among students, who, from their pursuits and aims in life, should likewise have been gentlemen. Such conduct would have been set down as disgraceful in the boys of a village school; and I was thankful when I escaped from the meeting with unbroken bones. It would, however, be out of place to expect much gravity or steadiness from young students. But what will you say to the fact that the members of the Scottish Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh hissed Thackeray for some passages in his lectures? Cheers and hisses have, then, you will see, a twofold character among the British. They serve as a kind of amusement for the young, and do duty as arguments for a more advanced and more sensible age. This remark holds good, not only for drinking-bouts and merry-makings, but even for grave and solemn occasions. In the House of Commons, and even in the House of Lords, I heard a good deal of this kind of amusement, and of this mode of argumentation. I heard their Graces groan like some very earthly beings. It was a sound that relieved me from the dead weight of reverence which a sight of the House of Lords is well calculated to inspire. The wigs and robes floated away in a cheerful dissolving view, and I felt I was still among human beings, with whom it was possible to speak, and laugh, and indulge in pleasantries."

It is no wonder with such experience that Mr. Vinje was soon divested of the idea, with which he had come to England, that the British are a grave and reserved people. He found them grave enough, but "more confiding and more cheerful than the other Gothic tribes." But you must be careful not to judge from their appearance in the streets, "where they move along as if they were trees all of a sudden endowed with a talent for walking." This grave and business-like demeanour is not so much to be attributed to real gravity as to "the depressing yoke of one of those tyrannical fashions with which social life in Britain abounds." The particular "tyrannical fashion" to which this gravity of deportment is due is the "prejudice that people who talk and cough in the streets are idlers." A better acquaintance with us would have suggested a better reason; the pre-occupation of the mind in the matters of business. But Mr. Vinje, who does not see the effect of this habit amongst Englishmen of doing earnestly

whatever they undertake to do upon their demeanour in the streets, sees it clearly enough when he looks at them engaged in their favourite amusements:—

"If there be anything national in Britain, it is certainly sport. Young and old, rich and poor, seem to be possessed by a passion for this. They fish, and shoot, and race, at home, and wherever they are all over the world; and they do so with a passion so intense, that it really amounts to a solemn and business-like pursuit. Art, as in the greatest artists, has become nature. There is to me something very amusing in their grave faces and anxious eyes when casting about for salmon, or dashing away in red coats after a poor fox. I defy you to gather from their demeanour that they are sporting. They are solemn as dervishes. To encounter a sparrow or an eagle, a rabbit or a lion, a fox or a warrior, is all the same. Equal gravity marks the sportsman. It must have been this intensity of feeling which tempted the Frenchman to say, '*ils s'amusement tristement*.'"

Enough, however, of the Norseman's views of Britain and the British. We have read his book with pleasure, for with all its marked exaggerations it is written without ill-will, and contains many reproaches which are just. We have much to amend; but how far we could eliminate what is evil without rooting up what is good is a difficult question.

A FIELD FULL OF WONDERS.*

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE'S Shilling Series of "Books for the Country" has received a pleasant addition in the shape of Mr. Cheltnam's volume. Though specially designed for young people, and written in the familiar manner which boys and girls most like, it contains a great deal of information that would be new and surprising to thousands of town-bred men and women. The scheme is similar to that of Mrs. Barbauld's charming little story of "Eyes and No Eyes, or the Art of Seeing." A number of schoolboys, left behind at the seminary during the summer holidays, are loitering about in listless indolence, and beginning to find the time hang heavily on their hands, when the son of their schoolmaster—one of those admirable young men who have all kinds of knowledge at the tip of their tongues, ready for immediate use whenever an occasion arises,—invites them to accompany him to his "wonder field." They follow with eager delight, and are taken to what they consider a very common and uninteresting field indeed—in no respect differing from any other English meadow. Though half inclined to quarrel with their friend for cheating them, they enter the field in his company, and soon find that it does indeed abound in "wonders." The talking encyclopædia—who, notwithstanding his great acquirements, communicates his information in the most agreeable, chatty, and unaffected manner,—has a thousand marvellous stories to tell of the various objects, animal and vegetable, that are to be found within the enclosure. First of all, he directs the attention of his young friends to the grass that clothes the surface of the ground, astounding them with such revelations as that there are nearly fifteen hundred different species of grass in the world, and at least three hundred in England alone; and that some kinds of plants are so reproductive that from two of their seeds would spring, in the course of twenty years (supposing there were not certain destructive agencies which keep the excess in check), one million forty-eight thousand five hundred and seventy-six plants.

The companions then roam about the field, and are fortunate enough to come across a crow, a mole, a grasshopper, a hedgehog, an earwig, a toad, a water-rat, a newt, a colony of ants, a skylark's nest, a weasel, a squirrel, and many other noteworthy creatures; concerning all which, the guide, philosopher, and friend, young Frank Arlingford, has a fund of curious and amazing things to relate. He has learnt "the art of seeing," because he looks at nature with the eyes of knowledge and of intelligent observation; and he finds as much to interest and instruct in the simple piece of meadow-land as the French author of "A Journey round my Sitting-room" found in that memorable chamber. Here is a specimen of the kind of matter which abounds in Mr. Cheltnam's little book. Frank Arlingford is telling his companions about rats:—

"Mr. Buckland relates that a celebrated rat-catcher told him a little dog of his, called Tiny, and under six pounds in weight, had killed two thousand five hundred and twenty-five rats, which, at the end of three years, had they been permitted to live, would have increased to the astounding number of one thousand six hundred and thirty-three millions one hundred and ninety thousand two hundred rats! . . . Mr. Jesse, in his 'Gleanings,' has told some highly curious things of their ready-wittedness, some of which I remember. It was once noted that the corks and cotton had vanished from the necks of some Florence oil bottles in a store-room that was not frequently entered, and with the corks a considerable quantity of the oil had also disappeared. The owner of the oil determined to fathom the mystery; so he filled some of the bottles and corked them as usual, then watched by means of a small window that looked into the room. What he saw was, I think, well worth the trouble he took to see it: some rats went to the bottles, uncorked them, then inserted their tails down the narrow necks of the bottles into the oil, which they licked from their tails as soon as they withdrew them. . . . Another anecdote of Mr. Jesse's shows the rat in a highly favourable light. The fact was communicated to him by a clergyman, who told him that he had seen it with his own eyes. One evening, while walking in some meadows at Quorn, in

* A Field Full of Wonders. By Charles Smith Cheltnam. With numerous illustrations. London: Routledge & Co.

Leicestershire, he observed a large number of black rats—the old English rat—emigrating, according to their habit. He stood quietly watching the march of the colony, who passed close by him, and in the midst of the crowd he saw an old blind rat holding one end of a piece of stick in his mouth, the other end of which was held by another rat, who was in this way leading his blind companion."

A hundred and fifty pages of stories such as these, interspersed with descriptions and lively dialogue, and prettily illustrated with numerous woodcuts, must be allowed to be a capital book for young folks, especially for boys. It is in fact a sort of boy's Isaac Walton, without the special application to angling. Like the famous production of that patriarch of the rod and line, Mr. Cheltenham's book has a fresh, open-air taste of the country about it, and is written in the same familiar and companionable spirit. It is just the sort of handy little volume for boys to take out with them on a stroll through the fields and lanes, or to pore over, indoors, during the long winter evenings. A knowledge of the beauties and wonders of animal life will do more than anything to prevent boys from the gratuitous infliction of death and pain; and Mr. Cheltenham, though not a sentimentalist, is earnest in placing before his readers the foolishness, as well as criminality, of unnecessary persecution of our meaner fellow-creatures.

POEMS BY MISS BESSIE PARKES.*

Miss Parkes is a true feminine poet. We do not mean the phrase at all disrespectfully, but simply that her verses show throughout the woman's nature that conceived them. They clearly reflect a mind exquisitely sensitive to impressions, prone to view everything through an emotional medium, widely sympathetic, and deeply though unaffectedly devout. With her, as with most poetesses (Mrs. Browning, of course, being an illustrious exception), poetry seems to be more a sentiment than an art; a relief to overcharged feelings, rather than a passion and a duty in which the whole life is absorbed. The result, in many of the poems before us, is a want of definite purpose, of tangible existence apart from the personal and private mood out of which they have arisen; the creation of much which, though elegant in form and harmonious in sound, is so vague and undefined in meaning as to leave no positive mark upon the mind. No doubt, an excess of "subjectivity," as the Germanising critics call it, is one of the faults of modern poetry, whether of men or women; but it is particularly noticeable in the productions of female poets, because the comparative solitude and isolation of women, their want of the corrective of active business pursuits, and the frequency with which their sensitive natures suffer from unsatisfied affections and disappointed ideals, induces in them a tendency to brood over their individual experiences to a degree which colours the whole universe. Hence it follows that the poetry of ladies is generally sad, with a tone of quiet resignation such as you might expect from nuns when thinking of the world they have renounced, but not forgotten. In a rhymed dedication, Miss Parkes says that each of her friends will know his or her portion of the volume she now puts forth; but that, if "one constant image still appears," the "dear critic" for whom she "wrote the greater part" is to take the book into special keeping. This may account for some of the poems seeming to the outer public to want force and purpose; but so much remains which all can enjoy and love for its own grace and beauty, that we should not have mentioned the defect had we not been desirous of seeing the fair authoress cultivating a greater habit of concentration. Although sometimes content with mere prettinesses of expression, as, for instance,—

"And lilies ringing various bells
To prayer and praise in shady nooks,

which really means nothing at all—she can sing truly, tenderly, and sweetly; can touch some of the depths of emotion; and can paint natural scenery—especially of southern lands—with a bright, warm pencil. Her two poems about Algiers are especially excellent; but, had we space, we should prefer to quote some of her lyrics of thought and feeling, such as "The Dead Love," "What distance parteth thee and me?" (both of which strike us as exquisitely sweet, sad, and beautiful), the "Voluntaries," some of the gorgeous pictures in "The World of Art," or the stanzas entitled "Fire-light," which are so truly and charmingly feminine in their yearning affection, their nervous fancies, their waywardness and tremulous flutter of spirits between despondency and hope, that we can almost fancy we hear the voice of the poetess throbbing through the rhythm. This piece and one or two others we recollect in an earlier volume of Miss Parkes's, published some six years ago; but they will bear repetition.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

If the directors of the British Institution established for the promotion of the fine arts would but see it, they have a very important part to fill in collecting together every year a selection, not a mere exhibition, of good examples of the works of the old masters. Occasionally, at long intervals, we have had brought together pictures which illustrated the different styles of art and methods of painting with something like an intelligible plan; but

generally the collections have been such as the present one is—an indiscriminate medley of pictures, contributed according as each proprietor was disposed to spare this or that picture from his walls, or wished to draw attention to any work for the sake of getting an opinion as to its authenticity, or possibly for its disposal. This is not the way to promote the study of the subject; and we take leave to say that the Institution is not fulfilling its part, and the directors are not seizing the opportunity of deriving the greatest benefit from the immense wealth of art-treasures which lies hidden in the private galleries of this country. Surely, after all that was said in praise of the Manchester exhibition, we might have had a similar intelligence exercised in the choice of examples and the arrangement of the schools which have marked the progress of art. But nothing of the kind seems to have struck the directors of the British Institution; indeed we never remember to have seen a more completely kaleidoscopic arrangement than the middle room displays—Holbein, Wilkie, Canaletto, Salvator Rosa, Sasso Ferrato, Müller, Rembrandt, Romney, Nasmyth, Tintoretto, Botticelli, Callcott—all jumbled together with as little thought and as much stupidity as the porters of an auction-room would have used. Here is a fine Tintoretto hung over the stairs, amongst a bewildering crowd of insignificant pictures, when it should have faced the Titian in the first room. The Sebastian del Piombo from Mr. Wynn Ellis's collection, and Lord Elcho's Botticelli, are equally out of place; and the fine examples of Rembrandt should have hung in company with his unrivalled portrait of Burgomaster Lix. It is provoking to observe too that, so far as the collection includes the material for illustrating the history of art, it has not been applied with intelligence. The catalogue begins with Murillo, for no other reason than because it is the largest picture in the room. Why not have placed the interesting examples of Julio Clovio, Lorenzo di Credi, Bellini, Galazzo Galazzi, Botticelli, Mazzolino di Ferrara, Francia, and others of the early Italian styles, at the head of the Italian room, instead of scattering them about as if they were so many poor relations, to be kept in the background as much as possible? The same very industrious carpenter it must have been who placed the most interesting little picture in the whole exhibition—the "St. John," by Leonardo da Vinci—in the one corner where it is utterly impossible to see it. Lord Lindsay probably considered he was rendering some service in lending this picture, for in a purely art point of view it is of the greatest interest; but his lordship, like many others, will not, we imagine, be disposed to trust another of his gems to such clumsy hands. With this protest, then, we will endeavour to point out the pictures which are the more striking features of the exhibition.

Murillo fills a prominent place in the two rooms with large pictures similar in subject and in style, which in neither can we consider his happiest; indeed, both in the "Glorification of the Virgin," from Lord Overstone's gallery, and the "Immaculate Conception," belonging to Mr. G. Perkins, there is more of the practised hand than of the master. The colouring is wanting in that purity observable in the corresponding pictures known as his most celebrated—viz., the "Soul" picture in the Louvre, and Sir Culling Eardley's, which was exhibited in this gallery last year. The expression of the heads is also feeble, and not so tender and beautiful as is to be observed even in the "Magdalene" (No. 30)—a picture which belongs to Mr. Wentworth Beaumont. Titian in his sacred mood is finely represented by the large Holy Family exhibited by the Earl of Strafford; but this was not his forte. There is little of the divine in the expression of the heads, and the subject permitted but a constrained exercise of the master's great knowledge of the figure. We can see that he has indulged his taste somewhat in the attitudes of the attendant saints, and the angel holding the book is in his finest feeling for beauty; but on the whole the work is chiefly admirably for the rich colouring and for the landscape. This is the only Titian, except a portrait of a Venetian Doge, lent by the Dean of Bristol; and this is not a work of marked excellence. The picture of "Venus and Vulcan," by Tintoretto (Jacobo Robusti, the little dyer) is a fine example of what the Venetians used to call his iron pencil. The figure of Venus is as boldly drawn as the Vulcan, and gains its grace from the beauty of line rather than the sweetness of the colour. The Vulcan is quite in his iron manner, dark and full of nervous cords of muscle. The composition is remarkable, the two figures being opposed, with the Venus facing and the Vulcan showing the back, his face being shown in a mirror held by nymphs in the background. In the centre Cupid amuses himself by making Vulcan's dog sit up and carry his bow and arrows. The picture is very characteristic of the painter who got the nickname of "Il Furioso;" and there is a certain grandeur about it which would prove the truth of the story that Tintoretto chalked on the wall of his studio his motto, "Il disegno di Michelangelo ed il colorito di Tiziano." Titian might well be glad to get rid of such a pupil before he had been with him ten days; but this did not save him from the pangs of jealousy, for Titian must often have seen his rival in Tintoretto.

The little picture attributed to Leonardo is wonderful as an example of the art of the time, such is the perfection of the drawing of the nude figure, and so masterly the painting of the muscles in action, and so rich the colour. The landscape has evidently changed into the dark state we see now, though in style it is singularly feeble compared with the figure. Without knowing the pedigree of this picture, the expression of the head is so characteristic of Leonardo as to lead very decidedly to the belief that it is by that great man's own hand, rare as it is to meet with any-

* Ballads and Songs. By Bessie Rayner Parkes. London: Bell & Daldy.

thing bearing the stamp of his genius. Raphael was amongst the greatest of portrait painters, and for the simple reason which Sir Joshua so waggishly expressed—that no man ever put into a head more than he had in his own. Raphael with his large sympathies and his master touch makes his portrait think and live before us. That of one Monsignore Pucci, a picture belonging to the Marquis of Abercorn, we accept as a Raphael, because of its surpassing power, and not that it resembles other portraits so closely in the peculiar manner of the painting. It is more minute to the extent of representing the eyelashes and nearly every hair of the beard, and yet the modelling of the features, the depth of the thoughtful eye, the breathing look of the whole figure, are in the largest and finest manner. Moroni, a painter of rare power in portraiture, is the only name that could be mentioned beside Raphael's as the painter of such a portrait. Sebastian del Piombo or Ridolfo Ghirlandajo have infinitely less refinement, though the former is somewhat similar in method, as may be noticed in the remarkable portrait of a man tying his garter, (No 58), which is from Lord Lindsay's collection.

There is one portrait by Moroni (No. 85) which may be compared with the portrait ascribed to Raphael. Portraiture in the earlier Italian style is well exemplified by the head of a young man in Florentine dress of the fifteenth century, which Mr. Robinson, to whom the picture belongs, attributes to Francia, and by the portrait of a lady, supposed to be by Filippo Lippi, from Lord Elcho's collection. Both of these are interesting examples, although their authenticity is so much a matter of conjecture. But Rembrandt fairly disputes the palm with even Raphael himself in his famous "Burgomaster Lix and his Wife," which are now the property of Lord Clifden, and those of "Berghem and his Wife," so well known in the gallery of the Marquis of Westminster. Whether Rembrandt, if he had had the sitters, could have conferred the stamp of intellectual dignity on his portraits may be questioned, but there can be no hesitation in admitting the supremacy of his genius over every other attempt in the art of portraiture. The glow of life is in the very skin of his faces, and the eyes glisten with light and animation, while the features are modelled with a perfect mastery. Vandyke does not shine in this exhibition, though the one figure of Earl Cleveland in the large portrait-picture of Lord Strafford's collection is a fine dignified impersonation. Comparing our own Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, and Romney, with these enduring examples of the old portrait-painters, we have to own to a vast inferiority. Gainsborough paints every complexion alike, and spreads the same amiable and genteel simper over nearly every face; Sir Joshua has far more power and depth of colouring, with a higher aim at personality, but he rarely achieves the refinement and intellectuality of the Italians, the noble air of Velasquez and Vandyke, the living truth and splendid colour of Rembrandt. Romney, who had the faculty perhaps, for ever tantalized himself with fiery attempts, like his wild sketches of Lady Hamilton, and rarely had the patience to produce a finished portrait. The best we ever saw of his are the portraits of Mr. Thornhill (167), and that of a Lady, exhibited by Mr. Anderdon. The portrait-study by Sir Joshua, "Meditation" (156), is a fair example of his colour and sentiment, but this is not equal in refinement to a similar work called "Contemplation," exhibited two or three years back. Hoppner's portrait of Pitt, from which the well-known engraving was taken, is one of the best of its class—the humdrum portraits of that very feeble time of art in England.

Those who can admire the dash and splash of Salvatore, and the smooth living exactness of Canaletto, the brown and lifeless landscapes of Hobbima, the leaden skies of Ruysdael, and the silly conventionalities of Zuccarelli, may indulge the strange taste to their heart's content. Cuyp and Both must be spoken of more respectfully, because they were more sincere lovers of nature. They are both well seen here—Cuyp by Mr. Perkins's landscape, and Both in the Earl of Strafford's and Mr. Wynn Ellis's pictures. The English landscape painters come off but poorly in the examples of Morland, Gainsborough, Wilson, Crome, Callcott, Constable, and Patrick Nasmyth, none of whom, with the exception of the last-named, is at all adequately represented. Wilkie's "Blind Man's Buff" and "Guess my Name" place him, as a painter of *genre*, far before the painters of his time and school, but inferior to Ostade, Mieris, and Teniers. A large monstrosity of Hilton's, "Meleager and Atalanta," absolutely confirms his position at the bottom of the scale of Academic inflation and bombastic classicality, and at the same time convicts him of having palpably borrowed the principal figure from Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne."

MUSIC.

MDLLE. ARTÔT confirms the favourable impression which she made on her recent *débüt* at Her Majesty's Theatre. Her performance of Violetta in the "Traviata," displays the same combination of vocal excellence and histrionic talent which were so conspicuous in her first impersonation of "La Figlia del Reggimento." Mdlle. Artôt is in every sense of the word an artist, and she will prove a powerful accession to the already strong array of solo singers at Her Majesty's Theatre. Another successful *débüt* was made at this establishment on Saturday last, when Mdlle. Volpini appeared as the page in Verdi's melodramatic opera, "Un Ballo in Maschera." This young lady presents a combination of personal attractions with vocal abilities which are seldom united, and she will doubtless become a prominent member of the company, her success being

unequivocal. The opera altogether was admirably given, as must be the case with such artists as Mdlle. Titiens, Mdlle. Trebelli, Signor Giuglini, and Signor Delle Sedie in the principal parts. The long-promised production of Gounod's "Faust" took place on Thursday night. The opera was mounted with much splendour of scenery and decoration, and the cast included most of the principal artists of the establishment. Of its performance and reception however we shall speak fully next week.

The past week has been signalised at the Royal Italian Opera by the revival of "La Gazza Ladra," with Adelina Patti as Ninetta. This charming opera, produced at nearly the same period as "Il Barbiere," is second only to that work in freshness and gaiety of character. As the products of Rossini's young and ardent genius, both these operas are filled with an exuberant impulsive vivacity that no other composer has equalled; scarcely even Auber, as the Frenchman's highly finished and polished style (analogous to the refined wit of French epigram) is somewhat of a check on that mirthful recklessness which the Italian pours forth without any sense of self-control. Indeed the style of Rossini's comic operas, compared to that of Auber's, stands in the same relation as mirth does to wit. The "Gazza Ladra," however, unlike the "Barbiere," contains a serious and sentimental episode, in which the composer's powers are by no means so favourably displayed as in the lighter and gayer portions. It was only in his later period that Rossini could deal with passion and sentiment. His early career was one of worldliness and external influences; and his music during this period was chiefly successful when reflecting the gaiety of temperament which was his habitual and normal condition. It was only with ripening years and deepening thought that he revealed that latent capacity for grand and noble sentiment which he has so worthily developed in his master work, "Guillaume Tell." Hence, among Rossini's earlier works, his thoroughly comic operas will always take precedence over those of either the serious or the mixed style. While, therefore, the serious portions of "La Gazza Ladra" are inferior, the lighter and gayer portions are equal to any of its composer's productions. What can be more buoyant and sunny than the introduction "Oh, che giorno fortunato," radiant as it is throughout with that exuberant geniality which can scarcely be either felt or expressed excepting during the freshness of youth? Of the present performance of the work it is not too much to say that it is at least equal to any previous representation. Never was there a more charming Ninetta than Adelina Patti, whether in the graceful gaiety of the happy scenes or the tender pathos of the serious ones—while her singing may challenge comparison with that of any artist for the combination of refined and brilliant execution and sympathetic feeling. Her principal display was, of course, in the Cavatina "Di piacer," which was given with that exquisite vocal finish and thorough control over executive difficulties that distinguish the perfect from the incomplete artist. The other parts were generally well filled. M. Faure is the best Fernando since Tamburini; indeed, both as an actor and a singer, the French barytone is now firmly established as one of the most accomplished and versatile artists of the lyric stage. If Signor Ronconi, as the Podestà, cannot compare as a singer to the late Signor Lablache, he must be admitted to be far superior as an actor. Never approaching buffoonery, Signor Ronconi's humour is yet of that rich and racy yet quiet kind, that tells infinitely more with an audience of any refinement than that noisy demonstrative style in which Italian buffo singers too frequently indulge. It is difficult to say whether Signor Ronconi is greater as a tragedian or as a comedian, the impression generally being that he is best in the part in which we have last seen him—a fair reason for inferring that he is equally good in opposite styles. Signor Neri-Baraldi, as the lover Giannetto, sung carefully, if somewhat hardly. Madame Didiée, as the boy Pippo, acted with great liveliness, and sang, as she always does, with refined expression. The part of Fabrizio found an excellent representative in Signor Tagliafico, who is invaluable in the concerted music; and the small part of the Jew was well filled by Signor Lucchesi. The chorus and orchestra were, as usual, admirable; and the "Gazza Ladra" at the Royal Italian Opera will probably rival the "Barbiere" and "Don Giovanni" in attraction.

Mr. W. G. Cusins gave his annual concert on Friday week, when he sustained his reputation as a skilful pianist, by his performance of Mendelssohn's first concerto. Mr. Cusins's serenata, originally produced at Her Majesty's Theatre in honour of the royal marriage, was repeated, and received with more favour than on its first performance.

The Monday Popular Concerts will shortly close for the season. The concert of Monday last was devoted to a selection from Beethoven—Madame Arabella Goddard playing, among other pieces, the sonata in F minor, known as the "Sonata Appassionata." Herr Japha was the principal violinist.

Mr. Lumley's benefit representations at Drury Lane Theatre, which terminated on Monday last, have been so successful that he has presented Madlle. Piccolomini (the Marchioness Gaëtani) with a splendid bracelet, in token of his gratitude for her disinterested exertions in his behalf.

One of the best benefit concerts of the season was that given at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening, by those most estimable artists Madame Sainton-Dolby and Monsieur Sainton. An excellent orchestra under the conductorship of Mr. Alfred Mellon, and a programme of solid yet varied interest attracted a very crowded audience. Besides the performances of the concert-givers, Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, Signor Delle Sedie, and Madame Arabella Goddard contributed to the interest of the occasion. A prominent feature

of the concert was Monsieur Sainton's performance (for the first time) of a violin concerto by Auber, a work of the composer's early amateur days. With much that is graceful and piquant, there is a redundancy of merely mechanical passages, and a want of development and treatment of subject that will hinder this work from taking rank with standard concertos. Yet the flowing elegance of the slow movement, and the humorous vivacity of the finale, will make the concerto welcome on many hearings. It is scarcely necessary to say that it was played to perfection on this occasion. It was well done to bring forward this very interesting work; which, like M. Auber's pianoforte trio, would probably have remained unheard here but for Monsieur Sainton.

Herr Goffrie, the well-known violinist, gave the first of a series of three soirées musicales on Wednesday, when he was assisted by some excellent vocal and instrumental performers, who gave effect to an agreeable and varied programme. Among the principal features of the selection were Schumann's pianoforte quartett, in which Herr Gollmick admirably sustained the principal part, and Beethoven's pianoforte trio in B flat, op. 11, in which Miss Alice Mangold was the pianist. Of this young lady's performance we have before had occasion to speak favourably, and a further hearing confirms our impression that her playing is an admirable combination of finished mechanism and high refinement of style, with ample power and volume of tone. In two solo pieces, by Henselt and Bach (the latter loudly re-demanded), Miss Mangold proved her acquaintance with very opposite styles both of composition and mechanical execution.

SCIENCE.

MR. RUSKIN ON THE ALPS OF SAVOY.

It is not Mr. Ruskin as a word-painter, or Mr. Ruskin as an artist, that we speak of in this article, but Mr. Ruskin in an equally proper, though less familiar capacity,—Mr. Ruskin the geologist. On Friday last the Royal Institution contained one of those overflowing audiences such as Faraday used to draw,—the lecturer was that brilliant word-painter, whose works some delight to abuse, thousands to admire, but all delight to read; and whom, it would seem, many wanted to see and hear.

Mr. Ruskin's geology was not only entertaining but instructive and suggestive. The phases in which he viewed the Alps were just what we should have expected—eloquent and artistic pictures of their substance, formation, sculpture; what they were made of; how they were made; how their beautiful scenery was sculptured out by time, weather, wind and rains, contortions, dislocations, cracks, and fissures. Whenever the geologist stoops—or rather, it is seldom rises—to description of structural phenomena, it is nearly always in districts which present them on the smallest and least complex scale. "We have never yet seen," Mr. Ruskin observed in his opening remarks, "a complete section of the Valley of the Rhone. I wonder at the indifference of travellers in such matters, and that it never occurs to them to ask how the scenery to which they owe so much enjoyment was first cast into its colossal shape; how the hills were withdrawn from the opening through which the Lake of Geneva expands between Clarens and Meillerie; or how that strange chasm, bent like forked lightning, was cleft through the rocks of Uri, to be filled with the waters of the four cantons."

Mountain scenery is not the result of mere natural irregularities, mountains no mere heaps of rock. They are truly, in Mr. Ruskin's own words, "true sculptured edifices." The hills of Savoy were selected because, though amongst the boldest, they were amongst the simplest, in displaying the main questions relating to structure. Then mentally the lecturer set forth to build a mountain, taking stone for brick and slime for mortar. The Savoy mountains are made of a great many things, chiefly from limestone; secondly, dark brown neocomian sandstones; and, lastly, a hard grey rock, the Hippurite limestone of ages, equivalents of our Portland stone and lower chalk formations. All these rocks agree in this, they were formed at the bottom of the sea. Mr. Ruskin would not dwell on the difficulties of raising them. "Sir Charles Lyell," he said, will allow us to do that to any extent, if we only "take our time;" but he dwelt forcibly on the difficulty of *drying* them. Raised quickly or slowly—and the elevation of these mountains was, he believed, incalculably slow—the rocks must dry and settle. How long it takes to dry a wall, how long then to dry a mountain two miles deep. Consider, too, the consequences; by whatever means accomplished, drying is not merely a hardening, but a contraction of the whole body, and either the rock must become powdery like chalk, or it must crack and fall to pieces. In hard rocks these pores and cracks are filled with crystalline matter, matter moved and rearranged by that marvellous process, the finest particles taken out of the very flesh of the rock substance and carried in slow currents to be arranged with such strength and coherence that the very fissures which would have been sources of weakness become bonds of strength. The crack is not formed first, filled afterwards. It is filled as it is formed, or the rock would fall apart before it could be filled at all. The external aspect and hardness of a stone are no evidence of its real state. Though hard, it may be getting harder; though soft, more tenacious; it may be contracting or expanding, in every case it is *changing*. Not one of the atoms of it is at rest. The particle of lime a thousand fathoms deep in rock that rings to the hammer's blow is no more at rest than the hardest

worker in a railway-tunnel. It is mining its way steadily as a mole through the mountain's heart. It is doing more than mining, it is purifying itself. All is advance from disorder to system, from infection to purity; and we can trace the transformation from grey flaky dust, which the rain washes into black pollution, to a rock whose substance is of crystal, starred with the beryl and sapphire. Nor do we know if the change is yet arrested. Is the imperfect granite to remain imperfect, or is it gathering itself still into better distinguishable crystals? Is the blotted marble to remain dull and indistinct, or is its purple glow to deepen and its variegation to involve itself in richer labyrinth?

It is sufficient for us at present to know that what we call hard and solid in rock is mobile and ductile. There are two great distinctive forms of elevated land,—the mountain cut by streams out of a mass of strata, like a pattern out of thick velvet, and the mountain produced by the wrinkling and folding of the land itself. In England our valleys are cut by river, sea, or rain out of masses of raised land, and little interest attaches to them; but when mountains are the folds of stone-drapery gathered together and cast hither and thither under laws of complex harmony, the first and immediate interest that attaches to them is the wonderment what their consistence was when these folds were done. If from beneath a mass sustains the folds, we have a pendent wave. Lateral force causes a compressed wave. If a portion be raised, the beds above may be dragged or torn through, while the country on each side remains undisturbed; but lateral convulsions affect a much larger space of country than elevatory, so that we have evidence both of enormous lateral thrusts, affecting hundreds of miles of country, with local operations breaking through these and interrupting their continuity of action. Mr. Ruskin gave an apt simile of the Alps when he compared them to a shoal of rugged islands of igneous rock emerging through a sea of limestone, tearing up fragments of rocks, and also, with more conspicuous power, wrinkling the edge of the limestone all round the wound, and sending off waves of lateral force to die away on the surrounding country,—"waves of a slow Titanian storm which troubled the earth as the winds trouble the sea."

Imagine the mountain's substance not of water but of ductile rock, and to nod towards its fall over a thousand vertical fathoms. Perhaps we cannot conceive with what slowness of swell or of decline the mountain-wave may rise or rest; but as the force thrills from crag to crag, it recoils, divides against itself with destructive counteraction; and this has taken place not once, but many times—five or six periods of convulsion being marked at distant intervals. When one storm has been calmed, yet another stone-tempest from another point. So commingled are their actions in a complicated result, that it is not the work of one man, but of a multitude, not of one year, but of centuries, to decipher the flow and ebb of even a single mountain-tide. "I knew," said Mr. Ruskin, "of one marvellous outside breaker, not very high, but notable in the clash and curve—Mont Brezon." But as there were in its structures almost incredible and difficult to be explained, he determined to take an easy one, and selected Mont Saleve, studied by geologists from De Saussure downwards. Even this mountain, one of mere elevation, which he supposed had been studied exhaustively, he found full of curious unrepresented structures; and the only distinct impression he could obtain was adverse to the three great observers, Saussure, Studer, and Favre, who all represent the face of the hill to be formed of vertical beds; while Ruskin sees plates of crag, entirely owing to cleavage—that is, to the splitting of the rock through the pressure it has undergone in its elevation; the true beds curving into the body of the hill, as were seen at the Grande Gorge. Nothing daunted by the difficulties of the simpler mountain, Mr. Ruskin sketched out some of the prominent features of the more difficult Brezon, where the beds follow the curve of the summit, the vertical fissures being either faults or cleavages. The group mainly consists of a pyramidal mass, a flat mass behind it showing itself at both sides, terminating in two cliffs, and finally in the distant range of the snowy summits of Mont Vergy and the Aiguille de Salouvre. These are three parallel ridges of limestone, approaching probably at this moment, looking towards them from La Saleve, slowly driven by the force of the central Alps, "the highest range broken into jags, the separate summits of Alpine fury and foam;" the intermediate joining with a long flat swing and trough of sea; and, lastly, the Brezon breaking over and throwing its summit (4,000 feet) forward as if to fall upon the shore. And really this wave-like action of the elevatory force, as shown in Mr. Ruskin's sections and views of the wonderfully contorted strata of these mighty hills seems to have been caught and petrified in the very act, just as a sea-wave might be frozen into solid ice at the very point of curling. This Brezon and Vergy group are only a portion of the longitudinal waves which flow parallel with the Alps, and are cut across by those transverse precipitous valleys in which the grandest scenery occurs. From the Lake of Annecy to the Lake of Constance, along the north border of the chain, the mountains are divided into two belts. Outside of these runs a great continuous fault which separates the Tournette and Mont Vergy; and running between the Dent d'Oche and the Dent du Midi cuts the Moleson from the Diablerets, passes through the bottom of the Lake of Brienz, and splitting into two minor faults at Lake Lucerne, it goes into Canton Glarus and crosses the valley of the Rhine, ending in confusion in the Tyrol. On the hills within, the faults have their escarpments turned towards the Alps; but outside of it, in the broken and undulating ground, is the true wave-district of the

Alps, where the hills are thrown vertically up, "as the timber of a wreck in a storm." Beyond this district the escarpments are turned away from the Alps. The valleys crossing these longitudinal ridges are neither gaps cut by river nor are they vertical faults. They are the expressions of disruptions in the unity of the long waves themselves, and they are accompanied by conditions of parallel fracture which mark a disposition throughout the entire body of the mountain to open in a similar manner.

In a novel and very able manner, too, Mr. Ruskin showed the action of the lateral pressure of rock masses in pressing up intermediate denuded areas into arches, as in the creep of the floors of coal-mines.

The sculpturing of mountains is either by disintegration, aided by chemical action, or by water acting as rain, as torrent, or as glacier; and Mr. Ruskin dwelt, we think rightly, on the more powerful agency of water in a sculpturing capacity than ice. In his own words, "The work of ice is so showy and superficial, and the artist's touch of water so cunning, quick, and tenderly fatal, that we are all apt to overrate the power of the one and underrate that of the other." Referring to Forbes' idea of the viscosity of ice, Mr. Ruskin contended against Professor Ramsay's doctrine of the scooping out of the great lake basins by the grinding of glaciers, comparing the viscous glacier-ice to honey or treacle, only less active. It is at no time, in his opinion, a very violent abrading agent, but wholly powerless when it falls into a pit. "There have been," he said, "suggestions made that the glaciers of the Alps may have scooped out the Lake of Geneva. You might as well think they had scooped out the sea. A glacier scoops out nothing; once let it meet with a hollow, and it spreads into it, and can no more deepen its receptacle than a custard can deepen a pie-dish."

That idea he considers the more singular, because, with its strongest and most concentrated force, the glacier of the Rhone has been unable to open for itself a passage between the two small contradictory rocks of the Gorge of St. Maurice. "So little effectual has it been in excavating them that the Rhone is still straightened for a passage, and a single town is fortalice enough to defend the pass where a key unlocks a kingdom; and yet we are asked to suppose that a glacier power which, concentrated, could not open a mountain gate, could dig out a sea-bottom when diffused." There is a more curious proof still of the excavating incapacity of ice. Full in the face of the deepest fall of this same Rhone glacier two impertinent little rocks stood up to challenge it. Don Quixote with his herd of bulls was rational in comparison. But the glacier could make nothing of them. "It had to divide, slide, split, shiver itself over them, and ages afterwards, when it had vanished like an autumn vapour from the furrow of the Rhone, the little rocks still stood triumphant, and the Bishops of Sion built castles on their tops, and thence defied the torrent of the Reformation coming up that valley as the rocks had done the passage of the glacier coming down it." From the shoulders of Mont Blanc the two great glaciers of Bossone and Tacony have each excavated for themselves a ravine in the shaly slates over which they descend, but the excavation is just as evident and as simple as a railroad trench. Down each gorge there falls an ice-stream a quarter of a mile wide, a hundred feet deep, falling at an average slope of 20° or 30°. They have gnawed away the rocks under them and beside them, and left between the sharp ridge of crumbling slate—Montagne De la Côte. If instead of ice-streams there had been waterfalls, cataracts four miles long, a hundred deep, and down a slope as steep as the roof of a gabled house, how long would the De la Côte have stood? It would not, Mr. Ruskin thinks, have kept its present form a day. In a year it would have disappeared. Suppose on Mount Blanc, which rises 11,000 feet above Chamouni, instead of snow, the same quantity of rain fell and descended in the form of a torrent—the ravines of La Côte or Tacony would be far deeper than they are. The glaciers, so far from having a highly consuming, have a distinctly protective power. The water power of friction is diminished, not indeed in the rate of the diminished velocity, but in some large proportion to it. The swiftest glacier in summer does not move two feet a day; a torrent going down the same slope would run ten miles an hour at least—600,000 times as fast. With a certain weight of water, which, carrying stones, you have to grind rock with, will you have it in a vertical mass moved two feet a day, or will you have it in a horizontal sheet moved 1,200,000 feet a day? "Give me the level sheet and the fast pace," says Mr. Ruskin.

But, it will be said, under this weight of mural ice there are stones and sand like diamond dust in a lapidary's mill. There is hardly ever any such thing—a glacier does not like stones under it. They would make its life uncomfortable. Dirty and sandy above, it is clear as crystal below, and its action on the rocks beneath it is lambent, cleansing, silent, and soft. The glacier does not make the moraine, it only carries it. The moraine is only the shavings of the rocks above. A glacier is a torrent turned on its back. Whatever is soft and decomposing the glaciers sponge away. What is hard and healthy they leave projecting and manifest. They are great carriers, a curious and effective parcels delivery company. Water in respect to them is as a flying lizard to a camel—it is all teeth and wings, but no back. For biting and carving, doing the sculptor's work, there is nothing the torrent cannot do. "Insidious, inevitable, patient and passionate by turns; now hurling stones at its antagonist like a Titan, now sucking his strength like a vampire, piercing him with cavities like a pholas, sawing him in two like a toothed mill, and presently bedewing the remnants of him with hypocritical, or perhaps, repentant tears,

and bringing handfuls of moss and wild flowers to heal the wounds it has made."

The present forms of the mountains Mr. Ruskin attributes not to the glacier, but to the two natural sculptors, flowing water and natural disintegration; every existing form in the Alps he believes to be distinctly traceable to one or other of these forces combined with internal geological structure.

Such were Mr. Ruskin's views, and very ably and eloquently they were put. We must not however forget that the lateral grinding force of ice is very different from the vertical scooping force. The ice of the glacier clings to the sides of the gorge, while its centre presses more quickly on or through. The under part of the glacier is always wet, it rests and slides on a sheet of water, and this water acting under pressure has increased chemical and mechanical action. The action under the glacier endures for ages, the action of the torrent is sudden and transient. The one is the tortoise, the other the hare, and the result in the fable is not given to the swift. Mr. Ruskin's attack, however, was very proper and highly philosophical, and one which it will require all the talent of the Jermyn-street Professor to answer. He may not be ultimately conquered, but at any rate he has been driven back and has suffered a severe repulse, although the victory be not yet decisive.

THE RHODODENDRON SHOW IN REGENT'S PARK.

ONE of those special exhibitions which annually are arranged at the Botanic Gardens took place on Monday. It was styled on the cards an exhibition of American plants, but more properly it was a special day set apart for viewing Mr. Waterer's covered garden of lovely rhododendrons. The weather being fine, the bands of the Life Guards and the Blues, on the Conservatory-terrace, maintained an active rivalry with the tent-garden. Musical sounds vied with floral colours, and perhaps on this occasion, carried off the victory, if a victory of attraction can ever be said to be gained from a fashionable ever-shifting crowd.

There were many things, however, to be learnt and studied in that rhododendron show. When clock bells struck the birth of the present century an English rhododendron was not to be found; and now, in less than sixty years, numbers of hardy varieties of those beautiful shrubs are common in our gardens, and the original *R. arboreum* has become, if not extinct amongst us, so changed that its individuality and identity are lost. Even Hooker, in his Himalayan journey, did not recognise it in its native state, and from its very habitat of Sikkim wrote it down unknown. There, however, it grows, on the mountain sides, from 8,000 to 10,000 feet above the sea, while in Bootan, and the east of Assam, rhododendrons ascend to 12,000 feet, and perhaps even beyond the upper limit of general arboreal vegetation.

How many of those who looked on the beautiful display on Monday last turned a thought to the glorious scenery of the region where the chief parent of those lovely flowers naturally grows? those Sikkim hills, whence Hooker looked at early dawn across eight other ranges, quite as high, to see the dazzling snow-clad mountains sixty miles away, looking in the clear air but a day's journey off, with heaven-ward pointing peaks 20,000 feet above the height in which he stood, that, girt with veils of golden and rosy clouds, projected their rugged forms against the pale blue sky! Lovely foregrounds for such scenes the rhododendrons make; some, wide branching, cover the ground with canopies of flowers; others, striking root on stalwart trees, creep and twine themselves in wreaths around their stems. From our miniature display, small in size and restricted in space, we may form some idea of the magnificence of the native rhododendron haunts, where the *R. arboreum* grows to twenty feet and more, and trunks are measured thirteen and sixteen feet in girth.

Although the Sikkim Himalayas are their head quarters, the rhododendrons have a most extensive range. *R. Ponticum* extends from Asia Minor West to Portugal and Spain. On the Alps of Savoy and Switzerland the rusty-leaved *R. ferrugineum* and the hairy-leaved *R. hirsutum* afford fuel to the goatherd, and food to the grouse and Alpine hare. The Daurian rhododendron clothes the Alpine mountains of Southern Asia, and roams through the deserts of Thibet.

In the marshy mountain-hollows of Kamschatka, and the bleak regions of Behring's Straits, another sort exists (*R. Kamschaticum*); and from the Caucasian limits of perpetual snow yet another charming species comes (*R. Caucasium*). In Piedmont and Austria the *R. chamaecistum* grows, and one form (*R. Lapponicum*) lingers in Arctic Norway. The tree-rhododendron is said to have been introduced amongst us in 1827 by Dr. Wallich, to which distinguished botanist we also owe many other beautiful Indian forms. Horsfield, Blume, and Jack found many species in Java on the mountains there, and Low tells us of fine rhododendrons in Borneo. The cool hilly grounds of North America yield the *R. maximum*, *Catawbiense*, and *punctatum*; but at one spot only on the Rocky Mountains are the white flowers of *R. albiflorum* seen (lat. 52°).

The Indian rhododendrons are red, the American blue, and here again the misnomer of the exhibition comes out. The truth is, Mr. Waterer farms some thirty or forty acres at Bagshot, the peaty, sandy soil of which suits these plants well, and every year he plants a garden of them in Regent's Park. No plant can be moved with greater ease and safety. The rhododendron has innumerable fine fibrous roots, short branching, interlacing, binding the earth about themselves in a close compact ball. So long, it is well known, as the delicate small roots are preserved, the plant is

uninjured, and those of the rhododendrons are so effectually protected in their small compact ball of earth that they may be left exposed for days and weeks; thus the flowering can be retarded without injury for any exact period of time. Thus it is Mr. Waterer succeeds in flowering all his charming shrubs together, and presenting to our admiring eyes a scene that can only be compared to a cloud of the tenderest colours congealed into bouquet-crystals of radiant flowers.

But all those exquisite variations of colour, so delicately commingling the red, white, and blue, are the hybrid products of the florist's skill—the interbreeding of the tender Indian with the hardy New World sorts—semi-hardy varieties that thrive well in our temperate clime. And, what is not a little strange, the flowering time is intermediate too.

Lessons there were in that restricted, though charming show, for Darwinites and special-creationists, lessons for children and up-grown men; but, in these few lines, we cannot extract one-half the wisdom which the ever-green leaves and painted petals there conveyed. Still one question may be asked. Why, with our lovely native roses before them, do not our florists treat us with like dense, double flowers on some of these imported "rose-trees," for such their Greek name means? They cannot do it. Our true and native rose has many stamens, and by culture the gardener can convert each one of them into a coloured flower-leaf or petal. Our common daisy is a bunch of flowers. The beautiful heath-related rhododendron flower has but ten stamens, and consequently the florist with his utmost skill can only get but a fifteen-petalled flower. So much for nature and so much for art.

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